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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is no doubt that a great many Liberals, the big men as well as the little, regard the Referendum as a proposal for a sort of picture postcard bill—on which the wicked Tories, one way or another, would be able to make very ugly caricatures of the Liberal party and its policy. The debate on Lord Balfour's Bill proved once more how greatly the party of "the People" shy at the idea of often going to the people. They think their friends a shifty lot: that is the truth about this shying. Thus the adjourning of the debate sine die—in other words, the snuffing out of Lord Balfour's Bill—was hailed with great joy by the Liberals; and their newspaper posters announced in huge print "The Shelving of the Referendum". This was the wish fathering the thought. Lord Lansdowne himself, though cautious almost to timidity in this debate, bound the party to a Referendum on Tariff Reform—the one thing on which some Unionists would rather not use it. Referendum is part and parcel of Unionist policy; neither, we believe, can it be kept within the fantastic limits Lord Lansdowne would lay down.

The debate produced some grave and reverend speeches, and a witty one. Lord Newton will not allow any man, friend or foe, to stand between himself and his jest, and he certainly did not do the Bill any good by his banter. Some people really seem to believe that the Referendum was born in the offices of the "Spectator", and discussed there, as Lord Newton said, "at interminable length". As a fact, however, it was only godfathers or grandmothered—we know not which—at the offices in question. Even "the despised Rosebery Committee" can beat that great record.

In view of the agony of the Liberal party lest even a small thing should be done "to strain the Constitution" it seems odd they should not have sympathised from the start with Lord Lansdowne's Prerogative motion. It is

really crystal-clear when we read it over: and we can discover in it nothing but a simple wish to act within the strict letter and spirit of the Constitution. Before reforming itself the House of Lords wishes to get the Crown's assent to a Bill being introduced limiting the powers and prerogative of the Crown "in so far as they relate to the creation of peerages and the issue of writs of summons to Lords spiritual and temporal to attend and sit and vote in the House of Lords". But the Liberals, brooding over the motion, have apparently read in it something that is not there at all. Perhaps they see their Five Hundred coroneted in advance. Perhaps they think that only their immaculate selves should breathe the name of the Crown—themselves including W. Clough—still M.P., one observes, for the Skipton Division of Yorkshire.

But it is likelier that the Liberals are in a state of vague unease as to what the House of Lords, and particularly Lord Lansdowne, is really up to. The horrible fear evidently holds them from time to time that all may after all not be going to turn out for the best in the best of all possible Liberal worlds in this matter of the House of Lords. True, the cup was filled up long ago, but the cup is not yet to the Liberal lip. Mr. Redmond's violent if short campaign against the Lords lately was a hint that Irish Nationalists were uneasy too; whilst Lord Selborne's statement that he could not take the Parliament Bill as it stood caused another scare, as the Liberal press showed plainly. Nor has that curious speech which Lord Courtney made some time ago to the Radical stalwarts been quite forgot: in so many words he warned his enthusiasts, if we remember right, that they must not take the House of Lords to be a body of simple and undextrous men who could be easily outwitted.

Lord Rosebery apparently did not see the humour of his censuring private attempts at constitutional reform as inconclusive. Nothing, he says, is of any use but a Government Bill; nothing else has any chance of becoming law. Really it will go hard with Lord Rosebery if he judges himself by this standard. It will be difficult to justify anything he ever did or ever said. Lord Rosebery never issues in any result. Lord Lansdowne listened to the voice of the charmer too easily perhaps when Lord Rosebery proposed his resolutions; he will

hardly mind him now. However, if one turns from practical policy to great sentiment, Lord Rosebery was fine as usual. Marvellous it is indeed that the country is so apathetic when these tremendous political changes are in the air. What will our friends from oversea, come to an Imperial Conference, think of us?

Mr. Hoare has been pressing his advantage over Mr. Runciman, who grows daily more irritable under examination. No wonder. Here is a circular sent out by a prominent official of Mr. Runciman's department dealing with very large questions in a manner, all will admit, acutely controversial. For this the chief of the department repudiates all responsibility. Either, then, he knew nothing about it : and if so, why did he not? Or, he has to say that under his direction of the Board of Education the Chief Inspector is free to issue the most controversial matter without letting the head of the department know anything about it. Mr. Runciman does not seem to know which excuse to stand on. The choice is not pleasant, we can see. If he ought to have been told and was not, there was such bad work somewhere that the Chief cannot escape blame ; if there was no duty to tell him of such a document, it shows gross laxity in his administration. Yet Mr. Runciman is hampered by no concern to save anybody's face but his own. That is now his difficulty.

The whole truth about this must come out. One feels that something is being kept back. The story as got from Mr. Runciman's answers does not hang together. If there is to be any scape-goating ; if any great changes happen in the personnel of the Board of Education ; if somebody leaves it for some other department, we shall all want to know the reason why. The truth must be dragged out. It ought to be, if only in fairness to the permanent staff of the Board, who can say nothing for themselves and whom their proper spokesman and champion, Mr. Runciman, has failed to stand by.

Suppose a landlord to own pieces of land contiguous but under separate occupation, should he be allowed to have them valued together as a single piece? Mr. Hobhouse would leave it to the discretion of the Valuation Commissioners—at least that is the purport of the Government amendment moved in the House of Commons on Monday. The Government was steering a middle course, and there was lively opposition on both sides, the debate lasting far on into Tuesday. The amendment was a concession to the Opposition, who wanted the owner to have an express right to demand valuation in a single piece ; and there was an outbreak of sound and fury from Mr. Wedgwood, who seemed to think that Mr. Hobhouse was giving away the people's cause completely in meeting the Opposition at all in the matter. We were soon in the thick of old familiar phrases, and pictures of the rural labourer housed " worse than the dogs and horses".

This discussion was the *pièce de résistance* of Monday's and Tuesday's debate in Committee. The importance of the new clause to Mr. Wedgwood and his friends was great. It gave the wicked landlord an opportunity to evade his ha'penny tax on undeveloped land. A landlord might have a strip of land on a highway worth more than £50 an acre, and therefore liable to the tax. But, if he were allowed to throw this in with other strips which were not worth quite so much, the average value per acre might fall beneath £50 and escape the tax altogether ; poor labourers would have to go on living like dogs and horses. The end of the debate was interesting but a little complicated. An amendment to an amendment of Mr. Hobhouse's new clause was finally carried. All the Opposition gets out of it is that now the Government Commissioners may, if they think it desirable, value the contiguous pieces together, provided they do not in all exceed a hundred acres.

Mr. Bonar Law's return means the strengthening of the House of Commons as well as the Opposition front

bench. The reason why Mr. Law has not touched the imagination of the public greatly is hard to understand. He is not only one of the ablest men on either front bench now, but he is witty, too, and there is distinction about his arguments and judgments. Moreover, he is felt to be a thoroughly honest politician and has won the favour of many leading Liberals as well as his own side. But office in a matter of this kind makes a world of difference. Until Mr. Lloyd George got office he was reckoned by many on both sides a clever man, with no following to speak of except in Wales. Mr. Bonar Law in office may be a great Parliamentary figure.

The Liberal press has to explain away the figures of Bootle somehow, so it explains that Home Rule, not tariff reform, has "done the trick" this time. Everyone knew, of course, that Bootle was very strong about Home Rule, and particularly about the Protestant question in Ulster—Colonel Sandys was a kind of party by himself in this matter. But suppose Home Rule "did the trick"—is that really any satisfaction to the Liberal party which is bound, hand and foot to the Irish Nationalist party? We suppose that by and by, when the Home Rule question becomes insistent and the Liberals lose bye-elections, they will "side track" the results on to Tariff Reform.

Apparently election petitions need have no terrors for Unionists. The Liberals made a dead-set on our seats this time, not leaving alone a single one where there was a ghost of a chance of success. Where there was no hope of succeeding on any serious charge, a recount has been claimed. So far we have come out of the ordeal unscathed. King's Lynn was especially satisfactory, for a town of that size is just the sort of place where it is most difficult to keep party enthusiasm within the law. Unionists on the other hand have attacked only two Radical seats—Exeter and Cheltenham. Exeter is still under trial, and Cheltenham we have won. The Liberal member's counsel had to admit that the election could not stand. If Mr. Agg Gardner can be got to fight, the Unionists will probably win the seat.

"This cant is an outrage, and Mr. Clough's self-advertised bitter repentance a bit of vulgar hypocrisy." Mr. Clough answered the indictment by bringing an action for libel against the writer, and the jury found that it was fair comment. Mr. Clough's counsel urged that what might be said of public men as public men might not rightly be said of them as private individuals. To which Mr. Justice Avory retorted : " Unless they themselves invite public attention to it." Mr. Clough's moral pretensions cut him off from any kind of sympathy.

Though the Archer-Shee case must be the chief issue in the discussion of the Admiralty vote next Thursday, we hope that the House will once for all settle the position of the Sea Lords. Apparently their opinions are sacrosanct, those opinions always being on the side of the Government. The fact is that wide fluctuations of policy, which could only have been due to expert advice, have revealed that the Sea Lords are after all very liable to err. The important point is whether the Government's supporters, or the Navy League, have any right to bring the Sea Lords into the matter as sponsors for a Government's naval programme. If they are resolved to take their stand with the Government then we must go back to the first half of the nineteenth century, and the First Sea Lord must once again have a seat in the House where he can answer criticism.

Opinion in the Unionist party appears to be in favour of supporting the demand of Mr. Murray Macdonald and his friends for the scrapping of the earlier pre-Dreadnoughts. From the point of view of the Radicals so much is saved on the maintenance of useless ships. This year's estimates, for instance, provide for extensive refitting of four vessels of the Ocean class which are certain to be hopelessly out of date in the critical

year 1915. The Unionist point of view is different. When these ships are scrapped the strength on paper with which the electors are deluded vanishes at once, and consequently the demand to replace them with new Dreadnoughts will be more difficult to resist. The obsolete ships are used as mere counters in the Parliamentary game.

Of course, the reply of the Government will be that in the four financial years 1908-12 they have scrapped, or are about to do so, eighteen battleships and one armoured cruiser and have replaced them by fifteen Dreadnoughts and five Invincibles. On the face of it this seems to be all right. But the circumstances are altogether exceptional. There has been the tremendous development, not only in the increase of power through increase of size but in the actual constituent parts of a battleship such as the engines, the guns, the armour and the torpedo. Take the gun alone, the latest Dreadnought would have about thirty times the hitting power in ten minutes' fight of one of the Ocean type which we are going to refit. The torpedo she carries has an effective range of ten thousand yards as compared with less than a thousand. As to the armour there is no comparison possible. The Admiralty themselves pronounced judgment on the Ocean type when speaking of the Admiral class. Both classes have unarmoured ends, and the Admiralty have said that this lack of armour at the water-line at each end of the ship made them vulnerable to a second-class cruiser.

In the Reichstag on Thursday Herr Bethmann Hollweg answered Mr. Taft and Sir Edward Grey. He declared that, so far as Germany is concerned, any talk of the limitation of armaments on any pretext whatever is beside the point while Great Britain aims at being supreme upon the sea. As to treaties of arbitration without the saving clause about honour and territory, they are to be regarded by Powers not included simply as treaties of alliance between the parties. As regards the honour clause, its erasure does not create peace, but simply denotes that between the two countries erasing it no occasion of war is considered possible. The German Chancellor was speaking for Germany, and the small demonstration made by the socialists may be disregarded.

Italy has been playing several amusing comedies this week. The King has celebrated the Jubilee of National Independence; Signor Giolitti has formed a new Cabinet; Signor Nathan has made another exhibition of himself as a consummate buffoon; and the Camorra trial has gone its astonishing way. Which of these proceedings has the least of reality and the most of farce it would be hard to say. Signor Giolitti's Ministry is apt upon the bombast and insincerity of the King's Jubilee speech. Everything in it means nothing. "With Rome as her capital Italy represents the peaceful co-existence of Church and State." This with Nathan at his elbow! The gem of decadent oratory is the following: "Significant of destiny is the fact that of all the Emperors who stood upon this hill, devoted once to the Consular fasti and institutions of Rome, the image of Marcus Aurelius alone remains to us there. Illuminated by the austere light of stoic virtue, he salutes the passing triumph" etc. It would better become modern Italy to salute the Roman Empire in abashed silence.

The Rhondda Valley strike is to continue, as the men have rejected the terms for settlement proposed to them by the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. The ballot was last Saturday; and it was so arranged by the South Wales Federation that the voting was not independent. The men were provided with cards and ordered to pin the halves unused and display them on their coats. After the riots of the several previous days, and the stripping of a "blackleg" naked, naturally few were inclined to sport a spare "Against" card. The Great Britain

Federation were sincere enough. They want to stop the £3,000 a week by which they support the strike. While this goes on, and the strikers can live by the ruin of the small tradesmen, the end is not in sight.

Morrison's appeal was dismissed after two and a half days' hearing; the longest time the Court of Criminal Appeal has yet given to a case. This lengthy hearing was not due to any particular difficulty on the legal points raised, but to the excessive detail in which it has been enveloped from the beginning. No misdirection was shown, no wrongful admission of evidence. Not even the cross-examination of Morrison as to previous convictions was considered a wrongful straining of the law. But such an occurrence is regrettable, as a jury might be misled; but it was held that the jury were not. No more can it be shown that the identification of the cabmen was mistaken. One may have doubts on such evidence; but the question is entirely in the province of the jury. The new evidence in the Criminal Appeal Court hardly affected the case at all. The Police Inquiry was adjourned from its first meeting on Thursday in prospect of a further appeal to the House of Lords.

The De Forest case ended as satisfactorily as it could. Publication of the slander alleged could not be proved, and thus the plaintiff's case collapsed at the outset. On the broadest public grounds one can only be glad that the hearing of a great society scandal was thus stopped. The case would have been food to fill every "society" rag, and every other rag, for weeks. It is pleasant to think of the balked editors of this garbage, also of the disappointed gossips. No doubt both editors and gossips will make up a good deal by invention and suggestion of the tit-bits lost; but that is a risky game; they cannot let themselves go at it. No decent person could regret that the case was not heard; but he will wonder that the action was ever brought.

The General Committee of the King Edward Memorial for London has apparently made up its mind. King Edward is to have a statue. Nor is this the worst. The statue is to be put in S. James' Park, and is to be approached by a broad roadway crossing the water, over a stone bridge, which is to replace the old suspension bridge. Whether the scheme will go through in face of the opposition it has aroused is not quite clear. Mr. Dudley Ward, questioned in the House of Commons, did not seem to think there would be any real opportunity for the House to over-rule the Committee, when once the Committee was resolved. But Mr. Asquith has practically pledged the Government to protect the Park, and has insisted that the Government has the right. If the Committee ignores or defeats the criticism it has raised, London will add another to its unhappy monuments.

Sir Edward Poynter is magnificently insistent upon the extreme ugliness of the suspension bridge in its present form. The bridge is not beautiful; but, at any rate, we are used to it, and the bridge is not at the heart of the discussion. The real mischief of the Committee's scheme is that it cuts the Park in two and destroys all illusion as to its size. Arguments as to the exact amount in square yards of turf which the new road will cut away are off the point. A monument in S. James' Park on the grand scale is entirely out of place. S. James' Park is, for those who wish to keep it, the green thought in a green shade. The monument would dwarf and destroy it.

The general expectation that the Coronation Office as used at the hallowing of King Edward VII. would not be seriously altered for his successor has been realised. Such small alterations as have been made are for the better. The Prayer "Coronet te Deus" has come back after a lengthy absence, and the placing of the Te Deum practically at the end of the service is unquestionably an improvement. But bolder courses would have been better. Ever since the serious mutila-

tion of the old Office of the Liber Regalis began with James II. nothing has been added to the Office which might not have been well spared, while much which is true and beautiful has disappeared. One advantage this Coronation has over many of its predecessors. No better preacher could have been selected for such an historical occasion than the Archbishop of York.

Those clauses in the will of Sir Charles Dilke that deal with the Keats MSS. and other relics will, we should say, be generally approved. It is quite right that they should go to Hampstead, for Keats had at least some connexion with the place, whereas he had none with Chelsea. One wonders, however, whether these priceless relics of Keats will arouse more interest in one part of London than another; or would they really arouse more interest in any spot in England than in any other spot in England. We have often gone to see the MSS., books, and trinkets, and the beautiful mask, and have usually found the room empty: a casual visitor or two might have been there now and then, but it was easy to see he, or she, looked at these things in mere idle curiosity.

It is much the same with the Severn picture of Keats in the National Portrait Gallery; of the thousands who go there, how many are moved by that picture, we wonder? Does one in ten thousand really care for Keats or Keats' picture? Or take the Shelley relics at the Bodleian. How many who visit that great Library are really interested in the little case set apart to Shelley? The truth is, the bulk of people are bored by the greatest names in English literature except when the chance comes of celebrating them. The centenary or the tercentenary of any poet or prose writer always draws. No doubt one could get a great multitude to acclaim the tercentenary of Akenside or Beattie or Young himself.

To celebrate a poet, however, is not to be moved by his work—it seems often to have little enough relation to that. The British nation as a whole distrusts, or at least dislikes, literature. There remains a small section that cultivates or talks about it; and of this section a fraction really knows, understands and rejoices in the work of the masters. But it is a small and secretive section, and we do not believe that the rage for cheap reprints of the English classics truly proves that it is increasing. Books are so often regarded as a sort of small furniture.

News comes that Captain Amundsen, with the "Fram" and a party ready to dispute the honours with Captain Scott, has been discovered in a far-off ice-bound Southern bay. It sounds just like a page torn from a twentieth century Marryat. Captain Amundsen and the "Fram" might have dropped from the skies for all that has been known of them. The discovery will quicken interest in South Polar exploration. Captain Scott and Captain Amundsen have both done great things in Polar regions. If the one has been farthest South, the other alone has accomplished the North-West passage. They are well-matched rivals.

Sunday amusements is a vague term used almost exclusively of one sort of entertainment—the kinematograph. The "electric theatre" is rapidly becoming mentally one of the most degrading influences in the lives of the poorer people, who look eagerly about for cheap sensation. If these places cannot be shut up by law the whole week through, at least keep them closed down for a single day. There is not one argument in favour of allowing them to be open on Sunday. The argument that people who are shut out of an electric theatre fill the public-house instead is the excuse of those who have never troubled to see what really happens. Besides, the attendants at these places are already overworked, without being done out of the weekly day off.

THE DEMOCRACY OF DEMOCRATS.

LORD MORLEY'S speech has brought out more clearly than ever the extreme difficulty of the Government's attitude to the Referendum policy. Naturally from the first one could not help thinking that it would be very awkward for a Radical Government to oppose a plan which at any rate purported to be, and must always so appear, a direct appeal to the people. Lord Morley recognises that it is a splendid platform cry. At any rate, then, it is not obviously false. Radical leaders are not in the habit of leaving to their opponents undisputed use of a good platform cry, if they can help it. Even if on merits there were no presumption that a Radical Government would support this appeal to the people, they would be likely to do so because it was a "splendid platform cry". There is no special slur on the Radical party in this. One side is as keen and perhaps as reckless in getting a good cry as another, but Radicals are generally slimmer in finding one. It was perfectly plain that some unacknowledged and unacknowledgable cause was throwing the Government and their party into unnatural opposition to the Referendum. We all know what it is. Political exigencies, far from recondite, compel the Government to oppose what they would naturally support, and for this unnatural opposition they have to show cause to the country—on merits—not being able to mention the only tenable, because the only true, explanation. In the General Election they were able largely to Burke the Referendum; they could cap it by abuse of the Lords; and they could, and not unskillfully did, take full advantage of the almost universal ignorance of what it was. But it is very different in the House of Lords; it is very different when you have to speak to and against an actual Bill; it is very different when the speaker is Lord Morley. We were extremely curious to see how Lord Morley would make out his case against the Bill and the whole policy of the Referendum. One knew he would not be content with dilatory argument alone, if there were anything to say on merit. His opposition was, in fact, partly dilatory and partly one of merit. Naturally it was tempting to him to reproach Conservatives with supporting a revolutionary measure, at any rate an admittedly great change. But it is no argument on merits. A Conservative, of course, presumes against revolution, but he does not hold that because a thing is revolutionary it must be wrong. He holds that existing conditions must stand until the need or advantage of change is shown. So far as he is by his general attitude estopped from proposing great changes, he is only in the same boat with the Radical who is opposing them. It was as unnatural for Lord Morley to oppose the Referendum as for Lord Lansdowne to support it. Either way, it was no vital argument on the merit of the policy. Dilatory, too, was the point that the success of the Referendum where it had been tried abroad was no proof—perhaps no evidence—that it would succeed here. One may admit this, and the merits of the proposal remain untouched. It might be captious to say that the argument of the direct appeal undermining Representative Government and our Parliamentary system was also dilatory until it was shown that Representative Government was a good thing and worked well. A British politician is entitled in argument to assume merits for Parliamentary Government. It is for those who are discontented with it to show cause; and cause they have been showing with much vigour and effect for some years now, as it seems to us.

Lord Morley had a case on merits, but it is a case not against the Referendum, but against democracy. Democracy means rule by the people and nothing else. It may be for the people's good, or it may not be, but it is an accident in democracy either way. Lord Morley's argument all went to show that the Referendum might work injuriously to the country, but only because it would make an ostensible democratic system more really democratic. If a Conservative, who does not profess unlimited faith in democracy,

is challenged on this ground as to his support of the Referendum, his answer is easy and straight, "I recognise clearly the weakness of democracy; but it is there, mainly by your doing. If we must have it, let it be real and not a sham. If under a Referendum the people give the wrong answer or an uninformed answer, that is a criticism of democracy, which you believe in, which you profess is the sun of your political universe; it is not a point against the Referendum." One may not like democracy, but if we must have it, let us have it honest. Lord Morley and the other professed democrats adore democracy, but would throw every hindrance in its way. They would have democracy in form but not in fact. Is the object of Representative Government to represent or not? Are members of Parliament to be plenipotentiaries or are they to represent the views of their constituents? If they are to be plenipotentiaries, obviously it is nonsense to talk of democracy. No democrat could honestly support a system which regarded members of Parliament as plenipotentiaries. And if they are not plenipotentiaries, necessarily the nearer they get to representing their constituents' views, the better they fulfil their functions. But if that is so, it must be better still if the represented are able to speak for themselves. They must be less likely to be misrepresented. If a measure is referred to the people, whatever consequences follow its rejection or affirmation are the result of an undisputed act of the people; and cannot be impugned on democratic grounds. If they are bad, you must blame democracy, not the Referendum.

Lord Morley was insistent on the impossibility of a Government surviving the rejection of one of its principal measures on a reference to the people, and put this as one of the strongest arguments against the Referendum. What is this democrat saying? If the people are in favour of the Bill, will they vote against it? If they vote against it, they do not want the Bill; and if the Government's fortunes fall with it this can only mean that the people elect to be free of both Government and Bill together. The Referendum can do nothing to weaken a Government that holds the confidence of the country; it will upset one that has lost that confidence. It would no longer be possible for a Government to live on and pass Bills the country did not want. And Lord Morley deplores this. His democracy would preserve an arrangement which makes possible, in fact common, legislation and administration opposed to the will of the people.

Lord Morley, evidently feeling that his position as a democrat was untenable, threw off the cloak and brought out one real solid argument which would bring down democracy and Referendum together. "The standard of always consulting and being guided by and thinking of nothing else but what the people desire is to my mind a thoroughly wrong standard." "What Ministers or Legislative Houses ought to be considering is what they believe is for the good government of the country." Bravo! Brave words and true; but where does democracy come in? This is the negation of democracy. It is setting up not the will but the good of the people. It is plain recognition that the will of the people and good government are two totally different things. So it has come to this, that in order to make a case against the Referendum, the Democratic party has to give up democracy.

On the other side we agree that we who might superficially be expected not to favour Referendum are under a duty to show why we do. As we said just now, its faults are the faults of democracy, which is a fact beyond our control. On the whole we prefer these faults to the faults of an uncontrolled House of Commons, which means an uncontrolled Ministry—absolutely uncontrolled for the time—which in the course of a single Parliament could do unlimited mischief, and yet would have none of the virtues of real independence, for it would be still looking to the party managers for renewal of its lease of power. Also the people in mass are less easily controlled by the party machine. They are not affected by political rewards and punishments, and

private independence cannot make the voter a marked man as it does the member of Parliament; for he votes in secret. And we believe that on the whole the Referendum would make for more intelligent political thought by the country as a whole.

THE KING EDWARD MEMORIAL.

WE alluded briefly in a note last week to the more than doubtful project sketched out by the Committee for this memorial. Since then the General Committee has discussed the scheme and passed it, not without opposition. The Press generally has been unfavourable, and in Parliament a demand has been made for a production of models before anything further is done.

Criticism has chiefly occupied itself till now with that part of the scheme which concerns the bridge over the lake in S. James' Park and its approaches. It is universally felt that it is dangerous to touch a spot so wonderfully happy in its landscape effect. The present bridge, though not in itself a beautiful thing, is unobtrusive, has the effect of a slight gangway over a backwater, and yet allows the passer-by to enjoy the view of lake, woodland and distant palaces. The Committee protests that the new bridge would also be quiet, that no road for wheels is in contemplation, and that the straight path proposed will leave as much grass as it takes.

Now it is just possible that the new bridge would be better than the old; it is impossible to say till drawings and models have been submitted, and Parliament should not cease to insist on their production before anything is decided on. We beg, moreover, the critics of the scheme, in Parliament and elsewhere, not to confine themselves to the bridge part of it. The real danger to the bridge and its approaches is that these will be affected by the vulgar megalomania which has declared itself in the project for the monument itself. That we are not using too strong an expression is clear when we recall the scheme sketched out by Mr. Mackennal, the sculptor chosen by the Committee. This involves an erection in marble fifty feet high, including a statue of the King on the monstrous scale of fourteen feet, and a mass of subsidiary figures. The real mischief of the scheme lies in this ridiculous project; it is to give a "vista" to this that the path leading to the lake is to be tampered with and an effect of seclusion turned into something arid and pompous.

What is wrong then, initially, is the monstrous scale of the monument. For Roman Emperors, for the greatest Kings and captains of history, the scale of life or a little over has sufficed; the finest monument in the London streets, the Charles I. at Charing Cross, is imposing enough on this natural scale, by virtue of the lovely design of statue and pedestal, and its commanding position. It is not size, but design that tells; why then should the customary scale be suddenly doubled, unless the sculptor despairs of impressing us by anything but brute material size, and why of all places should the miniature S. James' Park be chosen for this gigantic experiment?

It is not difficult perhaps to answer these questions if we imagine what must have happened to the Committee in search of a scheme. Big as London is, there are not many first-rate sites in a central position available for monuments, since we have few large open spaces. It was natural to turn to the wide avenue opened up by the Victoria memorial, and originally designed for decoration by sculpture. Again, it must have struck the Committee as a very happy thought to place the monument near Marlborough House, the old home of the King, and the home now of his widow. And so far we have no quarrel with their choice. But the fatal fact remained that they had £58,000 to spend, and that a reasonable statue could not possibly cost so much. The project had therefore to be inflated beyond its natural size and the proprieties of the site. The bridge and "terraces" and so forth would employ some part of the money, but £30,000 to £35,000 had still to be spent. A popular sculptor was asked to devise a scheme for

spending this sum, so much too vast for its purpose. What was the unfortunate man to do unless follow the sad precedent of the Victoria memorial, and overwhelm the King with a multitude of accessory figures? Yet no! as an artist of imagination he refused to be beaten by his own allegories: the King should be twice heroic size!

But an explanation is not, in this case, an excuse. Why, with so many admirable projects calling for money, need the monument be bloated out of all reason, to its own destruction and that of the scale of the Park? There is no Englishman of sense and taste who does not grieve when he finds Italy smothering the triumphs of her ancient art under extravagant and deplorable masses of masonry and sculpture. We have not the ambitious jealousy of the modern Roman who wants to throw the Pantheon and S. Peter's into the shade by sheer bulk, if in no other way. Why should we follow haltingly in his track?

There is another point to be insisted on before we leave the Committee's present scheme. It is proposed, again following the Queen Victoria memorial, to construct the monument in marble. When will people realise that marble is a most unfortunate material for the open air in this country? Every cemetery, with its death-cold monuments, proves the fact. The King Charles monument is right in this as in scale; bronze and Portland stone are the materials for London, not the chilly and dirty marble that must constantly be scoured.

These, then, are the radical objections to the Committee's scheme, and we trust that criticism will attack the source of the mischief, instead of dealing only with one of its consequences. But we desire to protest further against the method by which this result has been arrived at. We do not wish to prejudge the work either of Mr. Lutyens or Mr. Mackennal, though we see little promise in the prettiness of Mr. Mackennal's sculpture for anything like monumental grandeur. But we think it is a thousand pities that the suggestion made some time ago in the "Burlington Magazine" was not adopted, viz. that a competition for this monument should be thrown open to all the artists of the Empire, and we strongly hope that Parliament will yet insist on this being done. There have been signs lately of a new spirit among our young sculptors, of a research for severe and monumental form. If the Wellington memorial competition revealed an unknown genius, it is not impossible that a competition to-day might do the like. A memorial of the South African war was set up the other day in Leicester by a local sculptor, Mr. McClure, whose name is probably new to most of our readers, a piece of work that showed a real gift for monumental composition. There may be a dozen other men of the same promise. But one thing must be borne in mind. If a competition be held, no decision should be come to till the models have been publicly exhibited and thoroughly criticised. It is not enough to get testimonials from the Presidents of the Royal Academy and of the Institute of British Architects to the chosen artists, as the Committee has done. It is not likely that either President would throw over a popular colleague. We want, not testimonials, but designs, and designs obtained from a field wider than that of official art.

M. STOLYPIN'S POSITION.

WITHOUT being on the spot it is almost impossible to disentangle the complicated threads of the present political crisis in Russia. Every day the news received from S. Petersburg gives an unexpected jerk to the political kaleidoscope which radically changes the pattern of the political situation and which makes it more and more difficult to prophesy what the nature of that pattern will be when the shifting pieces of glass settle down once more to their next period of temporary repose.

When the news came of M. Stolypin's proposed resignation it was universally felt that the Russian Empire, as well as the Russian Government, was about to

suffer a serious loss. Closely following on this first piece of news came the rumours that M. Stolypin would probably be induced to remain in office. It was thought that if he were persuaded to reconsider his decision and to remain in office he would be able to make his own conditions; and all those who follow Russian affairs with interest felt that his position would necessarily be immeasurably strengthened. During the last two years M. Stolypin's position has been hampered by the open action and the concealed intrigues of the party of the Extreme Right, both in the Duma and in the Council of Empire. The strength of that party proceeded neither from national support nor from the personal talent of its members, but from the unexpressed sympathy of the Crown. Hitherto, although M. Stolypin was considerably hampered by the action of this party and was forced to compromise with it, he was nevertheless able to carry through that legislation and those reforms which he considered imperative and indispensable to the national welfare. But nevertheless his opponents were on the watch, and they were waiting for the first favourable opportunity of striking a decisive blow at the man whom they considered to be their formidable enemy, in that he was determined at all costs to preserve the Duma on a constitutional and national basis. Their opportunity came over the question of the Bill for the Introduction of Zemstvos into the south-west Provinces. The object of this Bill was to maintain the supremacy of the Russian nationality over the other nationalities of the Empire and to create separate Russian and Polish electorates in those provinces. Unfortunately, this Bill satisfied no one. It was attacked by all parties for different reasons. The Russians opposed it because they considered it too favourable to the Poles, not exactly that the Poles got too much, but that the Bill meant a new departure in Russia's policy towards them. The Poles opposed it because they considered that it did not sufficiently represent their interests. The peasants opposed it because it excluded them from all share in representation. M. Stolypin's enemies took full advantage of this situation. The Bill was vehemently attacked in the Council of Empire, and in some cases brilliantly attacked—for instance, by Count Witte, who in a statesmanlike speech made a bold bid for the support of the peasantry—and it was finally rejected. M. Stolypin resigned. He was begged to remain, and special pressure was said to be brought to bear on him in the highest quarters. Then came another violent jerk to the kaleidoscope, and the news arrived that the two Chambers had been prorogued for four days, and that two members of the Council of Empire General Trepoff and M. Durnovo, both of them convinced reactionaries and uncompromising opponents of M. Stolypin, had been suspended.

On Saturday morning it became clear that M. Stolypin, taking advantage of an Emergency Clause in the Constitution which enables the Emperor to promulgate laws in cases of urgency when the Houses are not in session, subject to their being subsequently submitted to them for approval, intended to carry the unpopular measure with regard to the Zemstvos into law over the heads of the two Houses. This was tantamount to a coup d'état because although this action is technically legal, it strains the law to the utmost, in that it cannot be said that there was here any case of urgency, and the intercessional period during which the clause can alone be enforced was the artificial creation of M. Stolypin. His action aroused widespread opposition. The President of the Duma, M. Guchkoff, resigned, and the whole of the Octobrist members threatened to follow suit, an act which would have been a deplorable confession of weakness. On the other hand, all the Ministers, with the important exception—according to one account—of M. Kokovsteff, supported M. Stolypin. The "Novoe Vremya" approved of his action, and it was thought that the coup d'état would have the decisive effect of setting M. Stolypin free from the hampering influence of the reactionary elements. It cannot be doubted that this was M. Stolypin's policy, to get rid finally of the disastrous interference and

opposition of the Extreme Right and to continue his policy of reform on a strictly national basis. At first sight it appeared to be successful, because the Octobrists reconsidered their suicidal policy of resigning en masse, and the general impression was that M. Stolypin had broken with reaction and would emerge from the crisis stronger than ever, since hitherto the character of all the reforms voted by the Duma had been consistently modified by the reactionary element in the Upper House. But later—if the news from S. Petersburg is to be trusted—a still further shake was given to the kaleidoscope which once more entirely modified the situation. The success or failure of M. Stolypin's act depended entirely on whether he would retain unshaken the support and confidence of the Throne. On Tuesday rumours were current in S. Petersburg, which on Thursday were declared to be true, that M. Akimoff, the President of the Council of Empire, had been received by the Emperor and had been asked to convey the assurance of his Majesty's favour to M. Durnovo. A little later the news spread that M. Durnovo himself had been commanded to go to Tsarskoe Selo. The obvious inference is, if this news is correct, that M. Stolypin has miscalculated the strength of his position, and that the support of the Throne on which he has hitherto been able to rely, if it has not been withdrawn from him, has been also extended to his enemies. It is difficult to believe that the action of the Emperor, even if his intention was merely to smooth over matters, can fail to have a weakening effect on the position of M. Stolypin. If the whole reason of his drastic action was to break with reaction, and the reactionaries now receive the sympathy of the Throne, M. Stolypin's coup d'état would obviously lose all its advantages and retain alone the supreme disadvantage of having created bitter opposition in every quarter. At first sight it seems that there will be nothing left to M. Stolypin now but to resign, and the danger of the situation lies in the possibility of M. Durnovo being called to replace him. On the other hand, political crises in Russia, as we often have seen in the past, have a way of ending in the last manner in which we had been led to expect. Another jerk to the kaleidoscope may be given, and we may see M. Stolypin once more in office and as strong as ever.

One thing alone is certain—Russia and the friends of Russia owe an unbounded debt of gratitude to M. Stolypin for the masterly statesmanship which he has displayed during the last five years. He has not only restored order to the country, but he has perhaps been the first of Russian Ministers in modern times who have not only promised reform but carried it out. He has borne the brunt of what is perhaps the most perilous period which the Russian Empire has gone through since the "times of trouble" at the end of the sixteenth century. He has had the courage of his ideas and has carried through measures, in face of determined opposition, which are now universally acknowledged as tending towards the welfare and the progress of the country. It can only be hoped that should M. Stolypin resign, he may find a successor in M. Kokovsteff who will be content to continue the work which he has begun, and that if he continues in office he may receive from the Throne that support and that confidence without which his position cannot be secure. M. Kokovsteff's appointment was taken as a matter of course when the first news of M. Stolypin's resignation reached us. This appointment would probably meet with almost universal approval. If, on the other hand, the Government falls into the hands of the extreme reactionaries the Russian political crisis may become acutely serious. It is not impossible that owing to the influence of the Crown a reconciliation may be brought about even now between M. Stolypin and M. Durnovo. Then the net result of the crisis would be the weakening instead of the strengthening of M. Stolypin's position.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

NOT many months ago few people would have been rash enough to prophesy peace in the labour world, yet to-day practically the only discordant note comes from the South Welsh miners, whose aim is essentially socialistic and will probably end in their breaking with the Miners' Federation. The successful issue of the recent Edinburgh Conference may now surely be taken as a sign of the times. Representatives of the employers and the Unions concerned in the shipbuilding trades have agreed to a definite procedure in the event of disputes which will make strikes, if not impossible, at least improbable. But the essential feature of the agreement is the ready ratification by the men of their leaders' action. What has happened in so short a space of time to restore to these Union officials the confidence of their rank and file? Partly, we believe, the retirement of some of the older gang, but mainly because the present leaders have realised that the detail work of their Unions is more important than the manufacture of political platitudes. After so fortunate a recovery of their authority it is hardly likely they will ever again allow their followers to get out of hand. The expanding trade of the country needs only labour contentment for a long run of prosperity, and nothing could have been more opportune than this agreement. The spirit of the Edinburgh meetings disclosed not only a determination on the part of capital and labour to work together, but a happy realisation of the fact that their interests are interdependent. The great trouble of other days was the partial stoppage of work due to local disputes, but now all such disputes will be at once referred to a local committee of six, on which employers and employed are to have equal representation. In case of failure to agree a referee from a previously prepared panel will be chosen by the committee. Work is always to go on, but in case of any stoppage the referee will apportion the blame, fix the penalty, and see that it is properly exacted by the officials of employers or employed as the case may be. Perhaps the greatest advance is the recognition by either side of its opponent's sense of fairness. For the settlement of piecework disputes it is provided that the chairman of the Conciliation Committee shall be chosen alternately by one side from the other. This is a long step forward, and we can now feel with certainty that not only has the economic status of Trades Unionism been fully recognised by capital, but that the employed willingly admit the fair-mindedness of the employers. It is impossible to suppose that the spirit shown in the shipbuilding trades' agreement will have any other than a strong effect on all labour conditions. Not an atom of political bias has been allowed to enter into the question; and in this working agreement between capital and labour there is to be seen a clearer path towards that eventual identity of interests which can only be effected by some form of co-partnership. It is satisfactory, too, that the end has been gained by conciliation rather than by outside arbitration. It has become far too common to quarrel violently, and then go with a rush to the Board of Trade for an arbitrator. Happily the tact and ability of the conciliation department officials have so far, with one or two unavoidable exceptions, prevailed over every difficulty. But success has flowed, as all in touch with industry know, from the implicit belief of both sides in the absolute impartiality of those who have been selected to do the work. Latterly, however, the friends of arbitration and conciliation have become very uneasy lest political capital should be made out of the settlement of industrial difficulties. Discussing recent labour troubles, Radical journals have given unmistakable hints—inspired, it is said—that certain prominent politicians would gladly offer their services as mediators. At any cost this kind of self-advertisement must be rigidly suppressed, otherwise confidence in the impartiality of arbitration will take wing at once, and justly. To prevent any such political log-rolling it has been suggested that the safest plan would be to transfer the Board of Trade conciliation machinery from its official and political home to a Joint Board of Capital

and Labour representatives. The suggestion is certainly worth careful consideration.

There are not wanting signs, too, that thoughtful people are beginning to realise the necessity of fighting the socialism of the labour extremists by constructive methods. The poorer people undoubtedly deserve some greater share in the prosperity of the country, and wages alone will never supply a complete channel for that share. The difficulty is to give without pauperising and to help without destroying thrift and self-reliance. The new spirit is well shown in the proposed legislation for the protection of miners, the prevention of child street-trading, and the shortening of shop hours. No one will deny the absolute necessity of every precautionary measure in dangerous trades, but in the ordinary work of life one must take care that over-coddling of workers does not end in stopping their work altogether. Should we not rather inquire what drives children to street-trading, and what compels long hours in shops? Possibly if the Poor Law were so altered that we could shut up the shirkers in penal colonies, decasualise labour generally and get rid of sweating, it would be found that child labour was no longer necessary, and that continuation schools and apprenticeship would effectually take children off the streets. It is easy to pose as a philanthropist, especially at other people's expense, but if real good is to be done, we must strike at the very root of social trouble and not merely lop off a few of its casual and most unsightly branches.

Mr. Lloyd George's unemployment and sickness insurance scheme evidently hangs fire. Possibly he has realised that the question is too big for slap-dash methods, although we think the real reason is to be found in the energetic way in which our great thrift societies have taken up the cudgels in their own behalf. The scheme will probably see the light in the next financial year. The collection of this year's super-tax has been postponed until next year in order to avoid too big a surplus, which, of course, would disappear automatically into the old sinking fund. By financial jugglery of this type a very large balance may be obtained for unemployment insurance purposes next year.

Instead of opposing State insurance we hope Unionists interested in social reform will give it close and sympathetic consideration. It is the only way to rescue a large number of workers at present practically submerged, and if the Government proposals are carefully criticised there is no reason why existing methods of thrift should suffer. Any people who tackle the Bill in this spirit will certainly have on their side the whole weight of Friendly Society influence throughout the country. Raw socialism has made strong headway in recent years: it is to be fought not only by the negative methods of unintelligent leagues, but by trying to realise the necessities of the people we live among, by showing a practical interest in their daily life, and by helping them to help themselves.

EDUCATIONAL BLAZERS AND RANKERS.

THERE is still much searching of heart amongst those who teach and those who talk over the famous incident of the Holmes circular. The House of Commons is still agog with it, and the Board of Education tensely expectant; for every man in the office who has or at any time hopes to have some power of initiative, cannot but feel that he has been badly given away by his parliamentary chief. Rather curiously it came on the top of another educational happening which has sadly outraged the feelings of democrats. Educationally the matter is really important, though that side of it is lost in the political interest it has stirred. It is worth while to go over the story again; its facts are plainer now. A memorandum was issued to all the inspectors dealing with elementary education by a former Chief Inspector of the Board on the subject of the status of the inspectors appointed by local education authorities, in which elementary teachers were very faithfully dealt with. The bulk of the local inspectors

have been drawn from their ranks, but the high official at Whitehall branded them "as a rule uncultured and imperfectly educated", "on the whole a hindrance rather than an aid to educational progress", and suggested that his subordinates should use their influence to obtain the appointment of men who had been educated first at a public school and then at Oxford or Cambridge. No doubt the circular was an office document, duly marked private and confidential, but as it was circulated to about a hundred inspectors, some of whom are in all probability ex-elementary teachers themselves, no wonder the contents eventually became public. Mr. Runciman found himself in the annoying position of having to explain away in public the sort of plain unvarnished opinions by which business as distinct from politics is conducted, and that it was his own party's particular brand of flapdoodle which had been stripped away so ruthlessly only aggravated the situation. As the Minister could comfortably Jonah his official, who had since retired in the normal course, with lighter hands he might have ridden off untouched, but he chose to get angry and preach to the House on the iniquities of making use of a private office document, even accusing Mr. Hoare, his interrogator, of being a receiver of stolen property; and so all the passions were let loose. Mr. Runciman did not secure much support from his own side except from good Mr. Wedgwood, who only saw in the event an example how the intentions of the best of Governments may be set at naught by the wicked Conservatives who lurk in the gloom of public offices. Why not purge the Civil Service with every election as they do, or rather used to do, to the greater glory of democracy in the United States?

The Minister's opponents in their turn could not resist borrowing the democratic stick with which to beat a democratic Government, some of them rather eagerly grasping a party advantage heedless of education or principle, but the odd thing about the whole performance was that no one cared to venture a word in justification of the circular. Yet nine men out of ten who spoke would agree with every opinion there expressed; indeed if the statements are not in the main true what is the good of our system of education at all, from the Board and the Universities down to the elementary schools themselves? Of course, the finest education in the world cannot make all its products efficient, just as the most imperfect training cannot hinder the development of marked ability; but, taking men on the average, the whole theory of an educational system proceeds on the assumption that the Universities and the higher types of education make their subjects more capable men and more fit for public service. If it were not so, why give scholarships and construct a ladder from the elementary school to the University? Really some of the members talked as though efficiency only resided in the primary school, yet we have not noticed any tendency in them to seek it there for their children or to forego the illusory advantages offered by the older Universities. Even that stalwart, Sir Alfred Mond, has been described as a typical Cambridge product, and some of Mr. Lloyd George's most active supporters have profited by the educational organisation of the Principality to add an Oxford training to that of the national school. Mr. Runciman would have cut a better figure if he had boldly avowed that the circular, however unkind and liable to cause pain as any confidential speaking is apt to be if overheard by the party concerned, yet represented the fact that his Department believed in their own wares and wanted education inspected and managed by the most educated men they could get, who ex hypothesis were to be drawn from the higher rather than from the lower grades of the system.

The other educational happening has been the announcement that University College School declines to receive any longer the scholars of the London County Council, drawn from the public elementary schools under its control. No reasons are officially given, but in a letter to the "Times" Mr. J. B. Benson, a member of the School Council, explains that the governing body had been driven to this decision, first because the London

County Council give more consideration in their selection of scholars to the poverty of the recipient than to his capacity of profiting by further education, and, secondly, because so many scholars have been sent that the school has failed to assimilate them, with the result that it has ceased to be capable of doing its duty to its normal supporters. Apparently the school had got into a vicious circle when the numbers added by County Council scholars were more than balanced by the defections induced by their beginning to set the tone of the school. Now this suggests a consideration too often lost sight of, not only by democratic rhetoricians but by good people who are anxious simply to throw open the gates of learning as widely as possible, namely, that the greatest unkindness you can do a really clever boy emerging from the ranks is to hinder him from rising socially, as well as intellectually, either by putting a poverty label on him or by keeping him among his own class. Many people are indignant at the idea of a rich man's son holding an Oxford scholarship, but putting aside the difficulty of defining rich, it is certain that any sort of poverty test would at once destroy the greater part of the value of a scholarship to the poor man. Surely the stigma that used to attach to servitorships is not forgotten, and if once a necessary connexion between scholarships and poverty were enforced there would be still sufficient human nature and snobbishness about even the older universities, which the generosity of youth makes more really democratic than any other communities in the British Isles, to bring about a distinct segregation of the scholars and a consequent lowering of the social education that they chiefly require in order to make them efficient in the great world. Nor need one fear that the number of scholarships is unduly reduced through their appropriation by the sons of men who could afford a University training without such help; with the educational ladder as it is now organised in all large towns and in most of the counties, access to the University is but rarely cut off from a boy really able enough to profit by it. We grant that we want to catch all the native ability that is going and that there is no reason to expect a much higher percentage among the children of the upper and middle classes than of the poor, but anyhow real ability is rare, and the cases of such marked intellectual quality as would justify entering a boy on a new plane are scarcely likely to be overlooked. The boy who is to rise needs to be considerably better stuff than his competitors, because he has more to learn and is also an intruder with neither capital nor connexions. In the mere winning of scholarships the poor boy who can get at adequate teaching has really a pull over his richer competitors; he has the strongest of all stimuli for exertion—that of necessity, and he is much more free from distractions. As a matter of observation too many scholarships are won from the day schools of the great towns by boys who are not able enough to succeed at the level which is opened up to them at the University, and for every one that makes his way there is at least another who sinks into some miserably underpaid mastership or casual journalism. For the same reasons as soon as scholarships either by their number or their restrictions fill a college or a University to any marked degree with people drawn from a comparatively low social grade they lose their value to the "ranker" because he can no longer learn to merge himself in the dominant class. That he should want to do so and that the public services should demand of him to do so if they are to employ him is by no means snobbishness; it is simply a recognition that education is something more than learning. If we attach any value at all to education we must admit the importance of that fundamental part which comes from an upbringing in a household refined by having already gone through the process, and in the name of education itself we may reasonably demand that the "ranker" shall assimilate himself to the type thus produced. Which brings us back to our original point that Mr. Runciman might well have justified his Chief Inspector's circular on its merits. It is the one way he could have justified himself.

THE CITY.

THE boom in home railway securities continues. In the last few days a remarkable expansion of business has been reported, and prices have advanced rather precipitately. The improvement is partly due to repurchases by professional bears. For some years past jobbers have been in the habit of allowing their books to run short on any outburst of public inquiry because they have always been certain of their ability to force a reaction and so cover their commitments profitably. The present boom, however, is proving an exception. At the beginning of the week an attempt was made to check the advance; stocks were loudly offered at descending prices; but it was soon found that these tactics did not produce the desired effect. Instead of inducing further sales the lower quotations invited new purchases and a recovery set in which seems to have convinced some of the professionals that they are confronted by a real buying movement this time. The great bulk of the stock purchased during the last four months has been taken up for investment, and will not be frightened out by temporary fluctuations. Buying orders have been received not only from all parts of the country but from the Continent, and the advance in prices has been made in the face of considerable profit-taking. The southern passenger stocks have been in particularly strong demand. South-Western Deferred were aided by the Cunard Company's decision to make Southampton the port for their new service, and the "Heavy" stocks have received good support; but Undergrounds, with the exception of Electric Income Bonds, are less in favour. The strength of London General Omnibus stocks is maintained by rumours premature and obviously exaggerated.

Canadian Pacifics have made another stride towards the level of 250 suggested some time ago. They have passed 230 and look as strong as ever at the price, despite some rather heavy profit-taking. An unsatisfactory revenue statement for February had no effect on the rise, it being recognised that the decrease in net earnings was due to blizzards which will not recur this year. The company reports a very fair increase of \$384,000 in gross receipts, but as expenses rose by \$726,000 the net earnings are \$342,000 lower, which, however, still leaves an increase of \$1,345,000 since the beginning of July last. The Grand Trunk lines also did badly in February, there being a reduction in the net profit of the entire system of £20,500. The current month should show much better results, and prices have not been seriously affected by the figures. Hudson's Bay shares keep strong in expectation that the trading accounts which are made up to 31 May will show a large increase in profits. It is understood that the company has sold to the Canadian Pacific Co. 100,000 acres of land (for \$1,380,000), which no doubt will be included in the irrigation scheme of the railway company.

The American market remains solely in the hands of the Wall Street professionals, and prices have improved a little, although traffic returns are not entirely satisfactory, the Union Pacific and South Pacific February statements being particularly poor. Frequent allusion is made to the fact that prices can be much more easily advanced than depressed, but this is not surprising seeing that the public has no stock to sell at the present level. It is more remarkable that the public holds stolidly aloof while on all sides the opinion is expressed that the Supreme Court's decision, whether adverse or not to the Trusts, will be the signal for a strong rise. Evidently the public is not convinced.

In the Foreign Department the feature has been the marked success of the new Brazilian loan. It is many months, if not some years, since a new issue caused such excitement. The Rothschild offices were simply besieged for prospectuses, and the lists were closed within a quarter of an hour, the amount of £4,500,000 having been many times over subscribed. Of course many of the applications were on behalf of "stags", but the chief attraction of the loan seems to have been the redemption arrangements. Drawings commence in 1913, and the average yield, allowing for redemption, is about

five and one-eighth per cent. Other foreign bonds were firm, the Russo-Chinese settlement having a favourable effect. The announcement of the reconstruction of the Mexican Cabinet on lines more representative of public opinion was also favourably regarded, and Mexican Rails were aided by a good traffic statement for February, showing that additional gross receipts of \$69,200 had been earned at a cost of \$13,300, so that the net revenue increased by \$55,900, making a net gain for two months of \$134,000 without oil fuel, which came into use at the beginning of March.

Rubber shares down to Thursday afternoon were heavy owing to the decline in the price of the raw material, and much dissatisfaction is expressed at the manner in which (it is alleged) the share and commodity markets are being "worked". However, it is noteworthy that good buying comes in on every appreciable decline, and with an improvement at the Mincing Lane auctions on Thursday share prices recovered.

Among the new issues of interest are Grahame-White, Bleriot, and Maxim Ltd., and the Mexican Northern Power Company Ltd. With Sir Hiram Maxim as Chairman, Mr. Grahame-White as Managing Director, and M. Bleriot as Technical Adviser, the first should be in a position to take advantage of the commercial and manufacturing opportunities which aviation presents. The Company acquires the London Aerodrome. The Mexican issue, which seems amply secured, is for \$4,500,000 first mortgage five per cent. thirty year gold bonds at ninety per cent., accompanied by certain bonus rights in the Company's common stock.

THE CRACKLING OF THORNS.

I WAS prevented last Saturday by the really interesting performance of the Stage Society from dealing with the week's activities in the commercial theatre. There were three plays, new to London, to be seen on three consecutive nights; and, frankly, I was delighted with them all. Each of its particular type was supreme: the first in vulgarity; the second in stupidity; the third in artifice. Each trenched upon the supremacy of the others; but each, in its own particular field, was beyond criticism.

My own satisfaction was purely vindictive. It was the kind of satisfaction one feels on seeing a particularly adroit and unscrupulous person over-reach himself. There are signs that the West End managers are at the present moment at the end of their wits. They are business men, and are extremely anxious to give the public what it wants. But the public is mysterious. Always to hit the precise amalgam of cleverness and stupidity, honesty and humbug, that will please it is beyond the wit of our smartest purveyors of literature and amusement. The great successes are almost always accidental. A manager guesses three times, and the third time he guesses right. But there are periods when he is so completely baffled that he does not even venture on a guess. He then falls back on a fallacy that accounts for most of the bad plays that fail. He argues that because a certain play has run for so many nights, therefore another, written on the same lines, with emphasis and exaggeration of all the points that made it successful, will pay him equally well. When a manager begins to accept plays on this principle, it often happens that he defeats his object. We have the informing spectacle of a play so extreme in its vulgarity, or crassness, or unreality, that it puts the public out of love with the whole type. Managers fall to despair, and suddenly do unexpected things, as when Mr. Frohman toyed with repertoire and deep thinking at the Duke of York's. The three plays produced last week were barely up to the level of the particular public for which they were intended. The condition of being ever so slightly behind the public is financially a very perilous condition for a theatre. However debased the level is absolutely, it is not safe to be beneath it. The safe position is just a little above the needs of the average Philistine; for the average Philistine likes to feel he is being led and up-

lifted. He does not, of course, require to think in the theatre; but he is inclined to resent having the small intelligence he is willing to bring thither insulted and refused the satisfaction for which he has paid.

"The laughter of fools is as the crackling of thorns under a pot." It is a cheerful sound in the ears of those who watch the box-office as the barometer of their fortunes. The fire crackles and spits merrily enough at the Playhouse. But, if "One of the Dukes" defeats justice and proves successful, it will be because the native good taste and manners of Mr. Cyril Maude and his company conceal the supreme nastiness of their entertainment. To put the comic content of this play in brief is to show it so incredibly vulgar that those who have not seen it will wonder how it was tolerable at all. I must set the thing down somehow; or I may be accused of exaggeration. The point of the play is that one of the dukes is in search of a wife, and she must be "genuine"—that is, she must have nothing "false" about her. Is it clear yet?—or must I more specifically say that her hair, and her teeth, and her figure must be completely her own? Behold, then, our duke pulling, prodding and inspecting his betrothed to the delight of his friend, who is also of the aristocracy. I feel bound, however, in justice to Mr. Maude, to say that he refines upon the coarseness of his material and minimises the offence so far as he is able.

The second play of which I am writing is a melodrama from the United States—"A Fool There Was". This was merely stupid. It was in parts severely moral, the morality being of the brand which still flourishes in the East End theatres of London. It opened with a domestic scene wherein Mr. Tyler was shown as the happy owner of a beautiful home, a lovely wife, a pretty little girl, a manly character, and the confidence of the President of the United States. He goes aboard a liner on a diplomatic mission, and meets a woman with a remarkable nosegay of red roses. We know that this woman is a perilous creature, because we have already seen a young man shoot himself on the deck in a rather sudden and unaccountable manner; and because the woman with the roses laughed and settled down to monthly magazines on the very spot of his demise. John Tyler is a lost man as soon as he sets eyes on her; and he discards with lightning rapidity his beautiful home, his lovely wife, his pretty little girl, his manly character, and the confidence of the President of the United States. Not even the impassioned delivery by his best friend of verses by Kipling could break the lure. In Act Four he smashed all the mirrors in the house for fear of seeing his own face—a very natural terror with which I heartily sympathised; and he died of heart failure just as he came to his senses and began to strangle the enchantress. Now in Act One Mr. Tyler was a perfectly normal and healthy man, tremendously in love with his wife, honoured by his friends, and a respectable citizen. To bring a man like Mr. Tyler to the point of smashing his own very expensive mirrors would need some visible and explicable cause. The cause which seemed to be quite adequate to certain members of the audience at the Queen's Theatre was entirely hidden from me. I saw on the stage at intervals a woman wonderfully attired; who laughed inconsequently, and tempted Mr. Tyler in the most elementary manner; who was furnished with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of red rose leaves, which, in the pauses of her childish efforts at conversation, she littered playfully about the carpet. However, that was the end of Mr. Tyler. It was in keeping with the general level of wisdom in the play that, when Mr. Tyler needed a strait waistcoat, a doctor, and several able-bodied men to keep him from indiscriminate slaughter, Mr. Tyler's best friend was eloquent with amazing moral platitudes on the bounden duty of Mrs. Tyler to take charge of him herself. Luckily he was dead before she arrived.

"Lady Patricia," at the Haymarket, is in rather a different category. It is an awful example of what happens to the well-made play when it reaches perfection. "Lady Patricia" is pure artifice. The theme is as old as "Patience"; there is nothing new in the idea, nor is any of the observation of character in the

least fresh or independent. The cult of the lily and epicureanism in emotion have been done before. The play depends for its virtue on the quality of the dialogue, and the symmetry of its build. It is empty of content. I am beginning to be superstitious about the Haymarket Theatre. "Lady Patricia" is as unworthy of Mr. Besier as "All That Matters" was unworthy of Mr. McEvoy. Even Maeterlinck wrote a new scene into his "Blue Bird" for production at the Haymarket which was distinctly beneath the level of the rest of his work. From "Don" to "Lady Patricia" is a leap into the abyss. Mr. Besier has outdone Sir Arthur Pinero. His play is so extremely artificial in workmanship and construction that the artificer's purpose is defeated. A well-made play is put together with one end in view, which is to keep the spectator interested. To this end all must be clear, and seem inevitable as it occurs. "Lady Patricia" is put together with such beautiful symmetry that the spectator is not only clear as to what is actually happening at the moment; but, unless he be extremely stupid, he is clear also as to what is going to happen during the next ten minutes. For "Lady Patricia" is constructed on the ding-dong principle. To go into the intricacies of the plot is impossible here, but the incidents and characters are so arranged that whenever anybody at any time says "ding", someone else a little further on in the play will say "dong". Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has used this symmetry of construction with brilliant effect in "Dolly Reforming Herself"; but he had the cunning to make symmetry the basis of variation; also, he had more to say than Mr. Besier in "Lady Patricia". Mr. Besier's play is best regarded, not for itself, but as Mrs. Patrick Campbell's opportunity. From this point of view a great deal might be said in its favour. Here again the players may save the play for the people who are not sufficiently stupid to like it for itself alone.

P.J.

MEDIÆVAL SCULPTURE IN FRANCE.

BY ROYALL TYLER.

I.

THE rare visitors who know their way to the mediæval and Renaissance rooms on the ground floor of the Louvre must have noticed the change that has come over the character of the sculpture shown in them during the last ten years. In 1900 Italy was well represented, and there were fine monuments of the French Renaissance. But French sculpture earlier than the close of the fifteenth century was to be judged only by a few fragments torn from Parisian churches during the Revolution which cost the museum no money. Since 1900 upward of forty examples of French sculpture dating from the twelfth to the fifteenth century have been bought, and it seems that the collection will continue to be enriched by as many important early pieces as the keepers are able to afford. Thus the Louvre will be the first great museum to give non-Italian mediæval art a fair chance. Viollet le Duc, who gained his love and intimate knowledge of the middle ages by overhauling churches from one end of France to the other, well knew that in order to persuade his countrymen to give mediæval sculpture the place it deserves he must enable them to see it in sufficient quantity. It is a study much thornier than that of painting, for its objects must be sought in religious buildings scattered over France's broad face; and Viollet le Duc's age had lost the habit of looking at church porches. The enthusiasm for Gothic art that sprang up among sculptors and painters about the middle of the last century was largely due to their having been obliged to study the forgotten monuments then under restoration. Unfortunately, it is quite possible for an artist to pass by some supreme masterpiece every day of his life without so much as looking at it, and the public can hardly be expected to show greater discernment.

Viollet le Duc, determined to overcome indifference and undermine hostility, then hit upon a magnificent idea: a museum of plaster casts of statues, members of

architecture, tombs and even whole porches with all their decoration, which should illustrate the French schools' growth. The State accepted his project and put it into execution, giving the two long wings of the Trocadéro for this purpose. Truly, it is not too much to say that Viollet's museum has set the study of French sculpture within the realm of possibility. It shows how this art grew out of savage incoherence into full consciousness in under fifty years. Until late in the eleventh century there is nothing but rude carving, by 1120 one region at least had churches with sculptured decoration full of spirit and variety, and in the course of the twelfth century Aquitaine, Burgundy, the banks of the Loire, the Ile-de-France, Provence and Normandy—every one owned its school strong enough to create deathless monuments in which the problems of church decoration went nearest to being solved. This marvellous activity is no isolated chapter in the history of art, for it brought out the grace, strength and restraint which, through many changes of face, have characterised French sculpture from that day to this.

The study of mediæval sculpture must take some account of architecture; the two arts stand in close relation, as they did in the Greek Archaic period. There is no doubt that the cause of the sudden development of sculpture in the twelfth century was the universal rebuilding of churches that began late in the eleventh. Up to this time art was on a lower level in France, where Carolingian traditions had been lost in the turmoil of Norman invasion and civil wars, than in Northern Italy, Germany, or the struggling Christian kingdoms of Spain. And the Domaine Royal, that was to boast the proudest of all the French schools, remained much less advanced than the South-West and Burgundy until about 1150. By the end of the eleventh century, however, new life is stirring in Auvergne, Poitou and Languedoc, and French Romanesque steps into a foremost place in virtue of the successful application, here made on a large scale for the first time in Europe, of solid stone barrel vaults to the basilica. With this discovery Northern churches take on their peculiar character: piers and supports upholding a stone vault of enormous weight make an impression of upward striving force such as Italian colonnades that have but a light wall and a timber roof to sustain can never give. The problem of lighting vaulted churches was handled cunningly in the South and unsuccessfully in Burgundy, but its final solution was given in the Domaine Royal about 1120, when the Transition period was opened by the invention of the ogival vault. The word ogive, defined in English dictionaries of repute as a pointed arch or window, and derived from some unholy Arabic word, really comes from the Latin *augere*, to increase, through the form *arcus augios*. Ogives are diagonal strengthening arches, which the master-builders of the Ile-de-France imagined to concentrate the thrust of a quadripartite vault on its four supports, and which, supplemented by flying buttresses, made possible the glass walls of the Gothic cathedrals. The ogival vault, emphatically not the pointed arch, is the characteristic of Gothic architecture.

In order to understand sculpture in Gothic and Transition times, we had better turn first to Burgundy and the country south of the Loire, where the all-powerful Benedictines were rebuilding their churches and setting a fashion in carved decoration that was eagerly followed in secular buildings. Churches like Vézelay, Notre-Dame la Grande at Poitiers, and Angoulême Cathedral, which were finished by about 1140 and may be studied in detail at the Trocadéro, are good examples of this period. The church is built strongly of stone quarried for it, no Roman columns are shortened or lengthened to fit it, no second-hand capitals, no fragments of sarcophagi adorn it. There is no marble veneer; the carved decoration, cut in the stone of which the church is built, and painted in bright colours, is intended to give expression to capitals, mouldings, cornices, and lintels. In Burgundy perhaps more than in the South-West sculpture is crowded into the doorways, and the compositions that fill the tympana are overcharged and confused. There is much to

shock the unaccustomed eye, for the proportions of the human body are monstrously violated, the size and shape of angels, apostles, evangelists' beasts being wholly determined by the space allotted to them. However, sculpture comes out into higher relief than in the schools more subject to Byzantine influence, so much so that many figures give an impression of being in the round. Much is made of the decorative possibilities of drapery, and there is great wealth of decorative motives. Besides not a little good Roman work, these sculptors had an endless source of inspiration in the enamels, ivories, stuffs, carved rock-crystals that came in plenty from the Levant. Syrian merchants had been established in France for centuries, and many Frenchmen visited the East. The domed churches of Périgord imitated Christian monuments in Cyprus, and not, as has been supposed, S. Mark's of Venice. In like manner French decoration partly owes its vivacity to the fact that it went straight to Moslem and even pre-Moslem Asiatic art instead of receiving motives, as the Italians did, after generations of Byzantines had sucked the sap out of them.

The century wore on, and in the face of S. Bernard's attacks Benedictines and secular clergy redoubled their zeal for sculpture. The porches of Moissac, Souillac and Carennac show how keenly artists were studying the movements characteristic of men and beasts. At Souillac the Prophet Isaiah strides along, the braided tresses of his beard waving in the wind, and at Moissac the sculptor wrought a life-sized naked woman—not Eve—with cruel realism. Charlieu and S. Pierre d'Aulnay show a nicer appropriation of ornament to construction, and all these monuments are rich in endless variations on every decorative motive known to classical antiquity or to the East. Compositions are more economical of means; there is a constant tendency to make the lines of the larger figures accentuate the supports; surfaces are cleaner, edges sharper. Provence imitates the order of the Maison Carrée at Nîmes in the façades of S. Trophime and S. Gilles, and the sculpture of the sarcophagi in the figures that adorn them. The school of Toulouse has left us the capitals of Moissac, and above all the series from the old Daurade in Toulouse itself, now preserved in the Musée des Augustins. For rhythmical design, for grace and technical perfection, these capitals are unsurpassed. Art is as free here as it has ever been, and to look for symbolism is a waste of time, blinding the eye to real qualities. There is no symbolism in early French sculpture beyond allegories of the simplest: a prophet carrying an evangelist on his back signifies that the New Testament is upheld by the Old. These artists were preoccupied with plastic beauty first and above all things.

What might have happened in the South during the thirteenth century no one knows. Simon de Montfort's crusade put a stop to sculpture for long generations, and made architecture conform with the rigid austerity of Cistercian Fontfroide or Dominican S. Maximin. The reign of the Counts of Toulouse and of the genial Benedictines was over. To see the next stage in the pageant of French sculpture we must travel northwards across the Loire and into the Domaine Royal.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

THE death of M. Auguste Angellier—which M. Legouis was not alone glad to see noticed in the SATURDAY REVIEW by such a critic as Mr. Cloutesley Brereton—has been a great grief to some of us, and is a great loss to the Frenchmen, every year more numerous, who realised what his power meant for his country. To many others it has been a revelation. Angellier had long ceased to be unknown to all those whose judgment counts for anything, but the ordinary newspaper reader—in spite of the favour shown to Angellier's verse by such periodicals as the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Figaro"—could only have a dim acquaintance with his name. Even the ordinary

reviewer knew him only superficially. Till recently such writers would easily adopt a light society tone not unmixed with something patronising in speaking of a poet who was seen at no public function, shrank from literary salons, lived away from Paris the greatest part of the year, and was supposed to be a bit of a sauvage and an eccentric character. This tone with regard to a man of a power and range unique in the experience of many men who have had the best chances of meeting the rarest intellects of their time was irritating, and caused us, his friends, to wish that he would stand for the Académie Française. He had gradually reconciled his independence and love of his leisure to the idea of taking the necessary steps, and his success, if he had been able to contest the election of M. Henri de Régnier, was certain; but when he ought to have been in Paris visiting Academicians he was at Boulogne on his death-bed, and instead of escorting him, as we had hoped, to the Palais Mazarin, we followed his coffin along the old rampart of his town to the cemetery on the hill, a bitter walk.

It would be in vain to try to give anything like a full appreciation of such a man within the limits of an article, and I will content myself with an attempt to convey the impression which his individuality and his work inevitably left. Much as one may love his literary achievements they were little compared with his personal magnetism, and those who have known him intimately may well admire his verse; but they think of the man almost to the exclusion of his books. His story is well known. He was a professor at the Lille University, a professor of English literature; his origin was humble; the death of a rich uncle had made him independent, and enabled him to indulge his artistic tastes (he was a great collector of Chinese and Japanese works of art), and a rambling propensity which had resulted in his gradually setting up three homes (in Paris, Lille, and Boulogne), which he left every winter for a house on the Riviera. But all peculiarities, in his case, were unimportant. There was something so powerful and vital about him that it blotted out the trivialities in which a man's life consists only in appearance, and left an impression of universality. One could imagine him at will as what he happened to be, or as a peasant (much in the style of his own Burns), whose conversation would amaze by its searchingness and variety, or an ancient Greek unencumbered with the petty heirlooms to-day crowding our minds, or a statesman whom politics had left as fresh as those Parisian artisans we meet sometimes who seem to sum up in themselves all the latent longings and forces of the age. He had a beautiful, strong head—of a distinctly Oriental type—well poised on an athletic body, and an expression which would vary from deep thoughtfulness to sunny happiness or good-natured bantering. I have never seen him in any circle—even where he was previously unknown—but he immediately became the centre towards which the talk naturally converged and whence decision was expected. Sometimes he said little, oftenest he unerringly said at once what everybody fumbled after; or, if he knew nothing of the subject in hand, would put those questions in which genius reveals itself best. He had a strange gift of constantly expressing himself in metaphors, which some of his pupils strove to copy and which has been fatal to more than one.

When one tried to remember what he had said, dozens of those striking similes would rise in the memory, but for the rest one only kept an undefined recollection of utterances, arresting though natural and subtle though perfectly clear. The fact is that his originality did not consist in saying what is called clever things, but, on the contrary, in invariably approaching ideas, as a very intelligent child might, by their most obvious aspect, and never giving them up till he had scrutinised every dark corner of them. He was full of freshness and curiosity long after his hearers had felt it would tire them to go any further into the subject he handled. Those who have heard him read Shakespeare will not easily forget how much he saw and made you see in an apparently inexplicable metaphor.

Nothing daunted his intellectual tenacity. Even mere readers of his verse must feel more or less distinctly that his power of searching and illuminating was not confined to ideas but extended to feelings and emotions, his own as well as those of others. This was only an aspect of his all-absorbing love of truth in everything. One could judge by the peaceful but deep pensiveness habitual to his countenance that his soul had known storms, but he had looked upon them with a steady eye. In fact, though he loved fineness and delicacy in life as well as in books, he had an avowed contempt for uncontrolled sensitiveness. This was another feature which he had in common with the Ancients, and I will show by and bye that it is also a characteristic of his productions. One ought not to infer from this that he ever struck one as unfeeling, only he began in the realm of emotions as well as in that of thought where most of us leave off. He did not want to be deceived by a pathetic fallacy any more than by an intellectual delusion.

Such an uncontrollable craving after solid truth will never be common and is sure to mark a man off from the rest of mankind. For a long time Angellier was too exclusively a high priest of the intelligence, or, to put it in terms of current prejudice, an intellectual. As a professor, illuminating as he was, he could not be said to be exactly helpful. He contented himself with giving you his judgment—often disheartening by its subtlety and comprehensiveness—about the object of your studies or about your own efforts. He was just as mercilessly truthful with his most intimate friends and on the most intimate questions. Yet one might feel all the time that he loved you—perhaps loved you with the power of his nature more than you loved him—but as Socrates, Fénelon and Newman must have loved their friends, that is to say, in the light of truth and sub specie aeternitatis. Conversely and naturally—though at first sight it may seem rather surprising—for a long time he was inclined to laxism. He could not understand mistakes, but he understood weaknesses. The conclusion of his well-known work on Robert Burns is laxist: he wanted to be remembered, he said, as “*le critique de l'indulgence*”. One might also reasonably infer from his writings that his life was not uniformly stoic. His philosophy was stoic, but too many of his songs are epicurean.

Gradually his notions of morals, public and private, underwent a change, and his whole mental substance became different: at the same time firmer and more mellow. What the causes of this change were his books alone would not tell, but they give clear enough hints. His first book of verse, “*A l'Amie Perdue*”, is the story of a great and high love for a woman who at last made him share her own view of duty and sacrifice. The moral level of this admirable sequence is so superior to that of the volumes on Burns that some revolution must have intervened, and it was no other than that which the poem itself relates. Just about the same time the Dreyfus Affair struck Angellier, not as the vindication of right and justice which it purported to be, but as the coalition of all sorts of appetites and anarchisms against order and patriotism. The condition in which France found herself shortly after the victory, not of Dreyfus, but of the politicians who used his name and sufferings, confirmed him in his judgment and made him cast about for remedies. He saw none other than a strong policy based on strong principles, and his interest in the royalist movement—if not his complete adhesion—was not by any means a surprising conversion, though it did surprise superficial lookers-on, who only knew his independent way of thinking and haughty spirit, and could not imagine him giving up the phantom that we call republican liberty. The same wave and familiar intercourse with a few religious-minded persons brought him back to long-forgotten Catholic notions. He had always been interested in what he called the “beautifully-woven” lives of truly religious men and women; he became more so as he saw better the connexion between the moral state of a community and Christianity. By slow degrees one could see deep modifications in the lines of his simple but wide-embracing metaphysics. He had long been arrested by the

problem of evil; he turned from it to the problem of goodness. After placing for many years his whole hope of immortality in the survival of some of his works, he adopted notions which became more definite in some of his latest verse, and the quiet insistence with which so brave a man, who saw the approach of death with so much equanimity, demanded the last rites of his Church can only be ascribed to conviction.

These transformations in his ideas had brought about a noticeable change in his attitude. He was less exclusively attentive to the purely intellectual side of a question; he took more interest in men, in their lives and efforts; his powerful satire was turned less against mere stupidity and more against unscrupulous or ambitious talent; he was more human, affectionate, and almost tender with his friends, and the generosity and readiness to assist of which he had given so many proofs throughout his career—often at the expense of his own interests—improved by this kindliness. Genuine tears fell upon his grave.

Such was Angellier the man. We shall find a great deal of him in his writings, when the publication of his posthumous poems gives us an opportunity of examining their characteristics.

MEMORIES OF A CATHEDRAL.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

IV.

NOTHING could have been more austere than the method of our technical training. We were started on Best's Pedal Exercises, went through the increasing intricacies of Merkel's Pedal Studies, and from that we launched out on Bach's Eight Short Preludes and Fugues and his Six Trios. After that probably Rheinberger's Sonatas, or possibly a sonata of Guilmant interposed before the more difficult Rheinbergers, then more and more elaborate Bach, and beyond that anything you pleased. What we were drilled in was absolute precision; hesitation, slovenliness, or lack of rhythm were the unforgivable sins, and his most scathing criticism was, “*You are playing like an old lady*”. We were drilled also in playing the chorales of Bach from open score written out by ourselves in the soprano, alto, tenor, and bass clefs—an admirable simultaneous training in sight-reading and pure part-playing. The more brilliant pupils (alas! I was never one of them) could perform almost incredible feats in this direction, reading at sight and playing the transcription into open score of some of the fugues from “*Das wohltemperirte Klavier*”. But anything in the nature of show pieces, of things written for display, was strictly excluded from the curriculum. It was understood that if we wished to do such things we must do them by ourselves, with a touch of smiling derision at the mere mention of them. And the greatest things of Bach, such as the G Minor Fantasia and Fugue, the A Minor, E Minor, B Minor, D Minor, were held sacred from the degradation of being used for educational purposes; quite properly, I think.

Little things that most teachers of the organ ignore were curiously insisted upon by our master, such as absolute precision and firmness in putting down the notes of a chord. A sloppy, nerveless method, where one note sounded sooner than another, gave him positive physical distress, and I have seen a pupil kept for half an hour doing nothing but putting down a chord and taking it off again. The true value of dotted notes—much ignored in organ playing; phrasing—almost totally ignored by other masters—and the getting of accent by playing the accented note a fraction of a beat late, holding it down to its extreme value, and preceding it by a staccato note—these were all features of his style of playing and teaching. I think more than anything else he drilled us in the importance of strict time, knowing quite well that later discretion would supply us with the necessary freedom from a mechanical style, but that unless we had the sense of time and rhythm firmly implanted in us at the beginning our future individualities of style would be built on a shifting and insecure

foundation. How necessary this was anyone can test for himself by attending nine out of ten organ recitals that are given in England. In playing Bach, or contrapuntal music, the tendency of all players not so drilled is to get faster and faster, which they do, having to bring themselves back to a tempo at which they can play the notes at all by sudden and obvious reining-in at difficult moments. It is dreadfully nervous work to listen, say, to the G Minor organ fugue of Bach played in this way. A certain pace is set; but if you keep the rhythm of that pace in your head you will find that by the time the fourth voice has entered the tempo has increased almost by one half. The result is that, instead of every note sounding clear and separate, the composition from the middle to the end is blurred and stumbled over in a dreadful way, as though by adding more stops and making more noise it had ceased to matter whether all the notes were played or given their natural value. This is sometimes called a broad style of playing; the large manner, tone-painting, and so on. Believe me, these are only names for slovenliness, inaccuracy, and digital incapacity. The exciting tendency of all contrapuntal music makes it necessary for the player to apply to himself a kind of mental brake; the piece acquires momentum; it is like a thing running down a hill; true breadth and dignity are only attained by keeping the mass in check and holding it, while still rolling forward, in true restraint and control.

Organists sometimes wonder why their instrument is unpopular among the majority of refined and cultivated musicians; or perhaps they would even be surprised to learn that it is; but I can assure them of the fact; and not only that, but I say the detestation in which it is held by many sensitive musicians is in far too many cases amply justified. If public performers on the pianoforte committed such faults as I have described, they would be laughed out of existence. By the habit of slovenliness organists have brought upon themselves the disrepute in which as musicians they are held. And unfortunately they are all lumped together; the really skilful player, the artist and student, has to suffer for the misdemeanours of the fumbling amateur who Sunday by Sunday makes hideous the service in the parish church. It is unfortunate that the only experience many people have of the organist is these dismal travesties of musical performance; for it is not only the humble village organist who is to blame, but often his eminent and skilful superior. The organ is the most dominating and magnificent of all musical instruments, but it does not always attract the most dominating and magnificent musical talent, partly because its emotional range is (or ought to be) limited, and also because, like all magnificent things, it becomes a terrible weapon in the hands of the incompetent. It demands a greater exercise of those two artistic qualities, taste and restraint, than any other instrument; and I think that I am right in saying that in proportion to its demands it probably receives less of these than any other instrument. All these are reasons why the work done for thirty-four years in the organ loft of my cathedral should receive the gratitude and praise of every artist and musician, since it was singly directed to the inculcation and preservation of purity and style.

LETTERS FROM WILDER SPAIN.

BY COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

THE DEFENCE OF TARIFA, DECEMBER 1810.

A DAY'S ride south of my home in the Spanish wilds lies the famous old fortress of Tarifa, named after the Arab warrior Tarif, who seized and fortified it early in the eighth century, and whose name, as all the world knows, gave birth to the word which now so vexes politicians.

When, in the autumn of 1810, exactly one hundred years ago, Wellington had retired to the Lines of Torres Vedras, Soult, who was laying siege to Cadiz, decided to seize Tarifa and sent thither General Laval with 8000 men and artillery. The route taken by the French passes within a few yards of my dwelling, and

about six miles north of Tarifa it emerges from a mountain pass and skirts the shore of the Atlantic. At one point it winds round a rocky spur within 150 yards of the sea, below a crag surmounted by an old watch-tower known as the Torre de la Peña, before it debouches on the historic plain of Salado, the scene of the decisive fight between the Christians and Moors in the fourteenth century. At the time of Laval's advance, this road, then, as now, the only one available for artillery or wheeled transport, was closed by the daring and resource of the British Navy. For a line-of-battle ship, H.M.S. "Standard", accompanied by the "Tuscan" frigate and several gunboats anchored inside the treacherous Cabezos shoals, close in-shore with springs on their cables, at a point where their broadsides swept the road with cannon balls and grape-shot. The old tower bears marks of the castigation it then received to this day. But in December came a heavy westerly gale, and our ships had to beat off a dangerous lee-shore. A huge swell and heavy sea, which breaks a mile from the shore, runs in here and, looking at it when a stiff breeze is blowing, I have marvelled at the superb seamanship of our gallant sailors in making good an offing under such conditions. For it is not hard to imagine that they remained until they could remain no longer. The instant they withdrew, the French artillery passed the rocky spur and advanced across the plain and on 19 December drove in the defenders and commenced to construct siege batteries on some heights within 500 yards of the ancient walls of Tarifa.

Meanwhile our ships found shelter under the lee of the promontory of Tarifa, whence they could bring a certain amount of fire on the south and west sides of the town, no doubt thus causing the French to concentrate their efforts on points which were less well supported. There was some very sharp fighting on the north side on 20 December and following days, and on 26 December a wide breach in the walls was effected, and Laval summoned the garrison to surrender. The British commander, Skerrett, sent a curt refusal, whilst the Spanish General, Copons, with all the martial pride of his countrymen, sent the characteristic reply that he would "treat with the French General in the breach"! The town at this time was encircled by a high Moorish wall with small square bastions in places, some capable of holding a field-piece, the intervening curtains between them being crenellated for archers at intervals of one yard and with a banquette four feet wide about four feet below the loopholes. There was no ditch or other obstacle outside the walls. The crenellated walls were only fifteen inches thick, and whilst giving good head-cover from musketry fire to men on the banquette were, of course, no protection whatever against cannon-shot. The main wall was much thicker, eight feet in some places, but its general weakness is proved by the fact that some of the French cannon-shot pierced it and entered the houses behind.

But the peculiar feature of the place and one which, as events proved, exercised a dominating influence over the whole attack and defence was a deep and narrow ravine, which led down from the east to the centre of the wall of the town. A mountain torrent ran at its bottom and, passing through an iron portcullis under a bastion, ran through the town to the sea. On the left, or south, bank of this ravine the high ground actually commands the walls at only 100 yards range! It would indeed be hard to imagine a more defenceless place, save only against escalade by a foe unprovided with artillery. Owing to the weak and antiquated nature of the walls, only three field-pieces and four cohorn mortars could be mounted by the defenders on the sides liable to attack. Eye-witnesses of the defence assert that only one field-piece and one cohorn took any important share in repelling the assault. They also aver that the breach, although apparently practicable from the side of the French, was really not so, since inside of it there was a vertical drop of fifteen to twenty feet, and that the Engineer officer, Smith, who was the heart and soul of the defence (and who lived to become General Sir C. Smith), had made such masterful retrenchments inside the town as to make the passage of the breach but the first step in effecting its capture.

It was under these conditions that at daylight on the last day of the year 1810 the defenders, who kept watch on the walls, suddenly spied a column of 1000 French Grenadiers, all picked men, which, moving rapidly down the ravine towards the breach, swerved and flung itself against the portcullis, which was only a few yards to the north of it. The portcullis and banquette on either side of it was held by Lt.-Col. Gough (afterwards Lord Gough) with his 87th Irish Fusiliers, a detachment of the 47th Regiment being on his right and a part of the 95th Rifles on his left. The Spanish soldiers held the walls south of the 47th and on to the sea side, where the attack was not pressed.

The attacking column was met by a heavy musketry fire in front and rifle fire from the Rifles in flank, supplemented by volleys of grape-shot from the one field-piece which bore on the ravine from the N.E. bastion. After suffering terrible losses, it "put about" and fled. The gallantry of the French officers may be gauged by the fact that several ran right up to the foot of the walls! The carnage among the assailants was terrible: the rout was complete. Four nights later, the French after striking the trunions from their guns and destroying their stores, broke camp and retreated northward, abandoning all their heavy ordnance and equipage. This, in brief, is the story of the glorious defence of Tarifa in 1810.

The place has ever exercised a great fascination over me, not alone for its historic interest, but for the reason that a portion of the Battalion of the Rifle Brigade I served in for many years had when known as the 95th Rifles taken a very active share in the defence of the town and in the fighting which preceded and followed it in the district between Tarifa and Cadiz—a district with which I have for long been intimately acquainted. Hence I had resolved, years ago, that if the fates were propitious, I would visit Tarifa on the centenary of its gallant defence. In the accomplishment of my pious desire, fortune favoured me, and the last days of December 1910 saw me once again in the historic town.

The old defences are in many places exactly as they were in 1810, the dimensions and descriptions of the walls already given are as they are now—and were. Those portions still standing bear many a scar from shot and shell. The famous breach has been built up and the historic stream in the ravine has been diverted from its original westward course, and now, bending sharply south, enters a tunnelled culvert outside the walls and runs down to the sea. Where the portcullis stood is now an open street leading through the town. Only during the last ten or fifteen years portions of the old curtains have been removed, leaving the ancient Moorish towers standing square and grimly alone, thus marking the general line of the old defences. Here and again, hideous white-plastered modern Spanish houses have been built, and cling, limpet-like, to the venerable and war-worn stones of the bastions. To reach the top of the crumbling walls at places where they still remain is no easy matter, for squalid houses have been reared against them inside the town. But south of the site of the old portcullis, the old Moorish quarter is almost intact. Here the walls are nigh fifty feet high and dominate and enfilade the more northern portion of the eastern defences. Access to this part is gained by passing through dirty cottages and grass-grown patios to the waste ground behind, now littered with broken masonry and overgrown with scrub. But once the old ramparts are reached, the conditions improve. Some of the old bastions, with their deep embrasures, are practically intact, as also are considerable lengths of the crenellated walls and banquette between them. Behind the banquette is a sheer drop of fifteen to twenty-five feet; below are ruined walls, overgrown with lentiscus, rock-loving shrubs and flowering plants, whilst gnarled and weather-beaten fig-trees grow vigorously from unexpected points. Here and again the walls bear eloquent testimony to the French cannon, in the form of large, basin-shaped cavities where projectiles struck and failed to penetrate.

All who have visited an old battlefield know how hard it is to reconstitute the scene and to decide where either attackers or defenders were posted. But in the

case of an assault on a fortified post, no such difficulties exist, for the ancient obstacles, if still in position, show unerringly how the fight was waged. Thus it was that, standing on a flanking Moorish tower whence I could trace the line of the old walls, it was easy to recognise the exact spot held by Gough and his Irish Fusiliers, as well as the portion held by my own Riflemen. I could see the very bend of the stream where, in Napier's glowing words, "a living stream of French Grenadiers glided swiftly down its bed and suddenly coming into view dashed like a torrent against the portcullis". The whole scene rose before me. Now it was that "the 87th, previously silent, arose and with a crashing volley smote the head of the French column". The ground was strewn with Grenadiers, clad in blue, with red plastrons and white cross-belts; the survivors ever pushing on, whilst the red-coats in front and the green-jackets in flank plied them with a deadly fire at less than fifty yards' range. Gough stood at the portcullis (the Gough whom Lord Seaton used to describe as "that terrible Irishman who will always call me 'Sayton'!"), and when the gallant French colonel fell, covered with wounds, against its iron bars, it was he who received his sword through them. This, at the moment when "the French drummer, a gallant boy, beating the charge, dropped lifeless at his side"! What a picture of war it would make! Of the ten wounded French officers who reached the portcullis and surrendered, only one survived! It is consoling to think that Skerrett, impressed by the heroism of the French and the miseries of their wounded, allowed Laval to remove those that had fallen in the attack. There was subsequently some contention between the 47th and 87th as to who had the honour of defending the breach. The breach was not attacked, possibly because spies had warned the French that it was impracticable inside. But to this day, the more devout of my Spanish friends declare that the credit of defending the breach belonged neither to English or Spanish, but to the patron saint of Tarifa, "Nuestra Señora de la Luz", who appeared in the breach and awed the godless Frenchman who had only a few days before desecrated the convent dedicated to her, a few miles east of the Torre de la Peña.

Such was the fight at Tarifa, and such were the men who fought there.

Built into the old wall of the town is a memorial stone, with an inscription long since rendered indecipherable by the weathering of its surface exposed alternately to the torrid sun of Andalusian summers and the tornadoes of winter rains. I was fortunate enough to get a copy of it taken by a priest many years ago before it had faded for ever from remembrance: it runs as follows:

HANC PARTEM MURI [AB]
GALLIS OBSIDENTIBUS
DIRUPTAM BRITANNI
DEFENSORES
[CON]STRUXERUNT

Now and again the wanderer in this region comes across traces of the fierce struggle. I know of two French guns, truncheonless, planted on either side of a fountain which gushes from the mountain side. French shot are often found, several were dug up recently by a Spanish friend of mine when rebuilding his house in Tarifa. In many of the remote hillside farms French cannon-balls do service for weighing barley and flour—I have one in my own patio which is thus used. That Laval's force visited my dwelling, both during their advance and retreat I make not the smallest doubt, for in those days it was a flourishing "cortijo" where bread was baked for the surrounding district. It is thus described in "Dyott's Diaries" as having been visited by the author of those cheery reminiscences in 1801, and I make no doubt that Laval's Grenadiers trod the identical same stones in the patio that I do to this day, and that they made very short shrift of the worthy baker's supplies of corn and food.

THE MARCH MEDLEY.

HOEVER inclement the latter days of March and signs of spring however rare, we may be sure that somewhere, true to his time—in Kent, it may be, or Hampshire, or on the farthest Cornish coast—before the month is ended, the chaff-chaff, first of those countless hosts of migratory singing-birds whose coming he foretells, will proclaim, in far-sounding couplets, that he has found his way home. It may be that, in the teeth of a bitter nor'-easter, howling over some wild southern heath, you will hear, in a lull of the gale, a plaintive-sweet cry—"hoowit"—which makes you halt and prick up your ears. And as you watch the lonely little traveller where, from twig to twig of the swaying thorn-bush on whose bare boughs he seeks a scanty meal, he flits, too hungry and too weary to sing, but sending up from time to time that pitiful cry, you marvel at the might of the mysterious, irresistible impulse which can lure across the sea, reckless of fatigue and cold, to this inhospitable land so frail and fragile a thing. Poor forlorn wanderer, is your first thought; then, quick on that, comes the second. Dauntless little pioneer adventuring boldly into the cheerless northern home of his birth, to brave all the rigours of an English spring.

It is not surprising that the chaff-chaff's voice, suddenly uplifting itself in the midst of the March chorus, is hailed with enthusiasm. The knell of winter seems to be sounded in those two ringing notes, struck, as it were, by double blows from some tiny anvil. Here, we say, is the prophet, come from afar, who foretells the re-birth of Nature.

March—the chaff-chaff notwithstanding—is emphatically the month of our perennial songsters, so-called. All the winter through redbreast, skylark, and thrush have sung at intervals, but it is not, as a rule, until February is well advanced that blackbird and chaffinch, two notable late-comers, join in, and now they are in full voice. But even amongst these almost domestic birds, as we have grown to regard them, migration goes on—but not complete as with those April-comers whose courier is the chaff-chaff—a migration, not of whole species, but of individuals. Yet, though it may be the throstle who pipes to us in March is not the bird who sang so loudly from the same spot three months ago, and even the friendly robin who took our crumbs so confidently at Christmas was not our last year's neighbour but a casual wanderer from the far north, many of us probably would be disposed scornfully to deny the truth of a theory which disturbs us in our placid acceptance of the belief that these March choristers are not, all of them, home-staying, constant friends, who never fail us however hard the winter.

What a chorus it is, making all March melodious, through which the chaff-chaff's unpretending song first obtrudes itself! It is as though the singers strove in one great final effort to prove themselves at least the equals of the home-returning April troupe. Winter, lingering late and prolonging the stern struggle for bare existence, will check the mating-fervour of the birds, but, when in mid-March perhaps, a warm wind at last breaks up the frost and snow, bird-life and bird-passions wake to new activity under the healing influence of the first mild days, and one unanimous outburst of melody rings from hedge-row and coppice. The wealth and exuberance of this early spring song is never so fully realised as when one returns, in March, from a winter spent in America. There, in latitudes far south of ours, the most vivid impression carried away by the English traveller, accustomed at all seasons of the year to the abundant bird-life of his native land, is the utter silence, in winter, of the American country-side. With the approach of winter birds hasten southward almost en masse to escape from the paralysing frost and snow; and you may go, then, for hundreds of miles and listen in vain for the voice of any bird; while all you see, perhaps, will be, in the country, that hardy cosmopolitan, the crow, and in cities the ubiquitous "English" sparrow who, deliberately introduced years ago to rid New York of insect pests, has long outstayed his welcome; but who, serenely oblivious of the fact, has, with his innate capacity for adapting himself to any climate

or conditions, settled down comfortably as a duly naturalised American citizen, to his own entire satisfaction, but with the utmost illwill of the inhabitants of his adopted country, bird and human, who bitterly resent his presence and who would gladly be rid of him if they could. That March day on which you hear, in one of the northern United States, a blue-bird or a song-sparrow, the earliest harbingers of spring, raise his solitary voice amid a waste of late-lying snow, is a day to be remembered. So that, when you come home, you are amazed at the change from the silence and solitude of the land you have left, and, while listening, on a still, sunny March afternoon, to the whole bird-population of some sheltered Wessex valley, singing "in a charm", you fall to wondering where room is to be found for other voices.

In the medley of sound, song jostling song as they issue from the multitude of eager throats, there can be recognised the blackbird's leisurely unfinished strain; the chaffinch's cascade of song; the missel-thrush's paean; the re-iterated phrases of the song-thrush, "who breathes all the bitterness of March because, behind the driving sleet, he hears young April's dancing feet"; the redbreast's sweetly wistful refrain; the humble ditties of greenfinch, hedge-sparrow, and yellow-hammer, and the oft-repeated trill of the cirl-bunting, the yellow-hammer's rarer cousin. The "ox-eye" sharpens his saw, and the wren pours out his jubilant carol, while, in the distance, blending with and welding together the nearer voices, a rapturous skylark obligato throbs unceasingly through the air. And yet the very lavishness, the prodigality of this March chorus, may seem to some to detract from its charm. It is all so full-bodied, so robust; it is, as it were, forced upon our notice. Every singer seems to be trying to outdo his neighbour. One is grateful to the throstle whose early pipe cheers some drear December day, but, in spring, if he sang a little less loudly, one would perhaps rate him higher. The peerless blackbird must be acquitted of the charge of mere loudness. He is unique. His mellow desultory note seems the outpouring of purest joie de vivre—the half-involuntary outburst of a master who is too indolent to take the trouble to finish what he has so superbly begun. Many persons who, in January, hear a missel-thrush think they listen to a blackbird. But our sable friend with "his yellow dagger of a bill" is too sparing of his organ to begin thus early. There is, perhaps, some resemblance between the two songs, but, while the blackbird flutes, the storm-cock declaims with wild ringing emphatic utterance.

Can it be denied that John Burroughs, the American author, has some grounds for his belief that Britons are incapable of appreciating any bird-song which is not shouted at them? Which of our songsters are the most popular? Surely the loudest, the most exuberant. The redbreast, certainly, is a favourite, but not because of his song, though he, too, belongs "to the royal line of the nightingale". Would the nightingale be so famous did he sing only by day? Probably not; but his glorious serenade, sounding through the night when all else is still, we cannot help but hear. The nightingale apart, no bird-minstrels have been lauded by our poets more than song-thrush and skylark. No delusion, perhaps, is more common than that which supposes the nightingale to sing only at night. If Burroughs is right, this is not to be wondered at. Amidst a clamour of the louder voices, the nightingale's, so powerful at night, by day is often drowned. One Sunday morning in April a nightingale sang for half-an-hour by a high road on which troops of holiday-makers passed and repassed continually. All of them seemed, and no doubt were, utterly unconscious of the exquisite strains which the hidden bird poured out, but at last one man stopped and asked what we were listening to. When told, he remarked in casual tones, "Pretty bird, ain't it?" and went on his way. Had a song-thrush struck up loudly from the elm-tree above the hedge, it may be that some, at least, of those deaf ones would have turned and listened.

The April migrants, sweet-voiced as many of them are, lack, as a rule, that robust quality of tone which we remark in the March singers. The chaff-chaff, earliest of them all, is audible enough, certainly, and his hammered-out refrain becomes a weariness to the flesh as summer advances. The whitethroat, too, is not exactly of a retiring disposition. But blackcap and garden warbler, nightingale, willow-wren and wood-wren belong to the aristocracy of song. They do not mingle with the crowd, but practise a fine reserve. He who would hear them must often seek them in secluded places, and heard thus their melody seems doubly precious. What sound so "woodsy"—to use the expressive American term—as the dainty wood-wren's sibilant refrain? And yet how little known! The willow-wren's exquisite little peal, though it ring from every coppice, is too delicate for the common ear. It will, perhaps, be admitted that the nightingale, by association no less than by his intrinsic merit, stands in a class apart; but two of the most gifted of his fellows, who run him very close, are two of the shyest, the blackcap and the garden warbler. The blackcap is the better known; indeed, one fancies that he takes the credit for much music which rightfully belongs to the garden warbler, who, in some places, seems to be actually the more plentiful of the two. His song resembles, in some respects, that of the more famous blackcap, but should one be fortunate enough to hear them both together, no confusion is possible. The garden warbler's is the more mellow song—is richer, deeper; it is like some exquisitely-toned wood-wind instrument; a liquid long-continued warble, poured out, as it were, without pre-meditation or study. The blackcap's, on the other hand, is more leisureed; it is a higher-pitched, thinner, more silvery sound—the studied effort, it seems, of a well-trained artist. The song is also shorter and more broken than his rival's. The blackcap, in fact, is a soprano; the garden warbler a contralto.

George Meredith in "The Thrush in February" speaks somewhat disparagingly of "the foreign singers". But the great man was unjust. The shy elusive migratory warblers are no foreigners. Native-born, equally with song-thrush and skylark, but less hardy, they—like other delicately nurtured native bipeds—go abroad for the winter and return home in spring.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIVE HUNDRED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

White's Club, 30 March 1911.

SIR,—The friend and defender of the Radical party, Sir Henry Lucy, who for some strange Harmsworthian reason is allowed to "spread himself" weekly in the alleged Conservative organ the "Observer", has lately given his readers the apparently inspired information that the names of the five hundred dummy peers, who are to be created by Mr. Asquith for the express purpose of wrecking the Constitution, are already selected and written down in a list. Surely it is time that somebody pointed out that the King and the King alone has the power to create peers in this country, and that if his Majesty were to fall in with Mr. Asquith's grotesque and indecent suggestion he would be practically signing his own abdication. What earthly grounds can anyone have for supposing that his Majesty has ever even for a moment contemplated taking such a disastrous step?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ALFRED DOUGLAS.

THE RECIPROCITY INDICTMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Junior Constitutional Club, Piccadilly W.
16 March 1911.

SIR,—The controversy upon the topic of the Reciprocity treaty between Canada and the States discloses

the fact that neither the operation of tariffs nor their ethical aspect has been the subject of any deep thought or study in Great Britain, hence the conflicting opinions and erroneous conclusions arrived at on all sides. Under these circumstances a few explanatory observations from one who, from the standpoint of a long experience in tariff countries, has made the subject one of special investigation may prove of valuable assistance in determining our future policy.

Both from experience and philosophical analysis I can positively assert that a tariff operates detrimentally upon the trade of the country against which it is levied and reciprocally upon that which levies. The exports from the former to the latter will diminish with the increase of such toll until extinction is reached, and a corresponding decrease of imports will ensue in the exchange.

Now if such tolls, in the aggregate, are not reciprocated by a corresponding toll imposed against the exports of the taxing country, the latter will benefit to the full extent of the toll at the expense of the other, but if reciprocated both lose merely the cost of collection; obviously therefore retaliation is not only necessary to recoup the imposition, but must have the effect eventually of abolishing tariffs altogether, because the cost of collection is prohibitive and can only be resorted to profitably for revenue, and that only nominally when a tolerable margin is left on balance.

But even in the latter case, or assuming that the whole of the toll is profit, it is palpable that no real gain is effected, since the reaction excludes the trade of the taxing country finally from the market of its neighbour, against which the toll has been levied.

Great Britain is the only country in the world, apart from India, which does not insist upon restitution of the tolls imposed against her trade, and she therefore protects and encourages hostility to her own trade to such an extent that it is no longer profitable or possible to establish new industries in the country, whilst the old ones must gradually languish and die.

Ethically considered, tariffs are immoral when not reciprocated, because the taxing country relies upon the ignorance of its neighbour to derive profit from the tolls, just as the person does whose ideas of morality reconcile his conscience to the annexation of his neighbour's watch or purse.

When the British public and the various nations of the world come to regard the habit of toll gathering from the ethical side, toll gathering will cease spontaneously, and reciprocal free trade and international unity will be the logical result.

No country can suffer without causing suffering by reaction upon its neighbours, and therefore each country should strive to promote the welfare of its neighbours as part of its duty and policy in the furtherance of its own welfare and prosperity. By this showing it is evident that the reciprocity proposals between Canada and the United States must prove highly beneficial to those two communities, and by reaction to us and the rest of the world. Let us hope that when the practical results of the treaty have proved the truth of my deductions the example will be spontaneously followed by all.

Yours faithfully,
A. WATTERS.

"LETTERS OF A CLEVER WOMAN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. James' Theatre, King Street,
S. James' S.W. 29 March 1911.

SIR,—Mrs. Craigie's reputation as a novelist did not induce me to accept her play "The Ambassador". I accepted it because I thought it a good play, and so it proved itself to be. I have made "many experiments" with unknown names. It has been part of my policy as a manager to produce works by new dramatic authors. "The Ambassador" was an artistic and a great financial success. It ran for one hundred and sixty-three performances at this theatre, and I made thousands of pounds profit out of it. It was also acted in the provinces by me and my companies more than one hundred

times. It was played for a considerable time to very large receipts in America by Mr. Dan Frohman's company. It is my intention to revive it when an opportunity arises.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE ALEXANDER.

"ITALIAN FANTASIES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Bedford Street, London W.C.
23 March 1911.

SIR,—You find fault with Mr. Zangwill's "taste and style" in your notice of his "Italian Fantasies" in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 18 March. They can safely be left to the judgment of his readers or posterity: but when you say, "He is so unversed in elementary Italian history as to suppose that the Countess Matilda left her States to the Church, and not merely her vast allodial possessions", you, in your own words, "mislead seriously". Mr. Zangwill did not make the mistake suggested, and he is misrepresented by your critic. He does not say that the Countess left her "States": he particularly uses the word "possessions", and says that these were practically the foundation of the "States of the Church" ("Italian Fantasies", page 302). I hope you will allow me to correct your reviewer's misstatement in a place as prominent as you have given to the accusation.

Yours faithfully,
WM. HEINEMANN.

[It is surely evident that Mr. Zangwill meant to include Matilda's States in the word "possessions", for he goes on to say that these became "practically the foundation of the States of the Church". How could a number of scattered allodial lands, some of which were also transalpine, have formed the foundation of a large State like the States of the Church? Does not Mr. Heinemann's letter rather emphasise the author's inaccuracy and haziness in this matter, for it was the Donation of Pippin in 755 that was "practically the foundation of the States of the Church". Mr. Zangwill post-dates the foundation by about three centuries and a half.—ED. S.R.]

"VERITAS" AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Clun House, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.
20 March 1911.

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. Stephen Paget replies to me in a short letter, which contains two flat contradictions. Mr. Paget, I think, is unwise in being so dogmatic, especially after his recent experiences in the law courts, in respect of certain equally dogmatic statements made in one of your contemporaries. With your permission, therefore, I will endeavour to show Mr. Paget that he would have been a little wiser if his contradictions had been a little less flat.

He says that in my letter to you I credited him with certain statements on the subject of operations for appendicitis, which he never made. I think if Mr. Paget had a little more sense of humour he would not have suspected anybody of crediting him with a want of sympathy with operations. As the champion of vivisection, and the secretary of the Research Defence Society, his opinions are in no danger whatever of being misunderstood on this particular subject. If, again, he had not been in such a hurry to convict me of a false statement, he would have noticed that I referred to him, in writing of him, as Mr. Paget, whereas the quotation was given as coming from a certain Dr. Paget. Mr. Stephen Paget and Dr. Paget were not very likely to be the same person, and, as a matter of fact, what has happened is this: that the typesetter has added a "t" on to a name I wrote as "Dr. Page". That is the

alpha and omega of the whole matter. I have quoted Dr. Page's opinion repeatedly in the press, and Mr. Paget's sole excuse for his diatribe is a printer's error, which, as I have said, he might have suspected, if he had not been in too great a hurry to notice the change from "Mr." to "Dr."

Then, Mr. Paget says that it is utterly false to say that he has ignored the laws of evidence in the cases referred to by "Veritas", in his letter printed in your issue of 11 February. These cases are printed in Mr. Paget's book, "Faith and Works of Christian Science", pages 169-197. "Veritas" says there are seventy-nine of them. Mr. Paget's numbering makes sixty-eight of them. "Veritas" seems a little inaccurate here, as in other respects. I said that these cases were given without a shadow of proof, without means of identification, and in defiance of all the usual laws of evidence. Anybody who likes can examine them for himself and see who is right. They are statements by doctors, whose names are not given, of patients, whose names are omitted, and the only guarantee that they are accurate is Mr. Paget's word. Last time I reminded Mr. Paget of this, his answer was a very different one. In the "Evening Standard" for 8 June 1909 he wrote: "Mr. Dixon says that I ask the world to accept these cases on my word for them. Why should I ask less?" Here, Mr. Paget admits that he has done the very thing he now says I have falsely accused him of doing.

Let us take No. 62, to which "Veritas" specifically refers. "Veritas" says it is a typical example. May I borrow a phrase from Shakespeare and say, without offence, "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word"? It is extremely typical. It is a sort of general attack on Christian Science, without a particle of evidence in support of it, except that in brackets, at the beginning, it is stated that it was received "from an American doctor". Perhaps I may be permitted to give another equally "typical" one. No. 50 begins, "I may mention a case which I know by report". I wonder what a judge would say to a witness who wanted to mention a case he knew by report? Yet Mr. Paget regards this as evidence, and tells us that we have got to accept his word for it.

Let me be, however, what neither Mr. Paget nor "Veritas" seems to pay particular attention to being, and that is absolutely accurate. Out of these sixty-eight cases, there are three in which an attempt is made to set up some sort of proof. No. 39 is based on a cutting from the "Daily Telegraph"; No. 57 is a reference to certain unspecified newspaper reports in America and to the death of Mr. Harold Frederic; whilst No. 58 is based on a cutting from the "New York Herald".

Finally, I declared that, in the few cases I had been able to trace, Mr. Paget's evidence had not proved very reliable. Let me take No. 58, which is one of Mr. Paget's three cases of which some attempt is made at substantiation. It is a case taken from the Paris edition of the "New York Herald", without the slightest attempt at verification. I say again, imagine a case presented in the law courts, of which the only evidence was a cutting from a daily paper published abroad. In this instance, though no names were given, I happened to know the circumstances, and I happened to know that the case which Mr. Paget there gave as evidence was a case which had been tried under most peculiar circumstances, with the result that at the very time Mr. Paget was putting it forth as evidence, it was sub judice under appeal. Again, No. 53 is undiluted rubbish, and has no more to do with Christian Science, indeed I should say a good deal less, than with the medical profession, whilst as for No. 65, it evidently deals with some other body altogether.

Now, I do not know what Mr. Paget's ideas of evidence may be, but I would undertake to produce an absolutely unlimited amount of evidence of this nature, either for or against Christian Science, or anything else in the world. I think, however, I have shown enough to prove how extremely unwise Mr. Paget is whenever he rushes into print.

Yours truly,
FREDERICK DIXON.

REVIEWS.

A GREAT LADY NOT HERSELF.

"The Spanish Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland." Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. London: Longmans. 1910. 15s. net.

A DIARY may be valuable for different reasons. It may have a purely literary, or a personal and biographical, or an historical value as a contemporary record of events or impressions; or it may combine, in rare cases, all these qualities. Pepys's Diary is a good example of the book which will appeal alike to the lover of literature, the student of psychology and the historical scholar. Wesley's Diary and Laud's Diary are examples of the journals which belong to biography and history in equal degree. But in any and every case the importance of the record depends on the quality and character of the writer, the fidelity of the entry, and the range and significance of the events or impressions coming at first hand under the writer's notice. What the recorder sees and hears may be far less important than how he sees it and records it. The diary of an apparently insignificant person may thus tell posterity more than the diary of one who has played a leading part in the centre of the historical stage. And the reason for this is simple. A diary is not a memoir. Important figures frequently write important memoirs, and always write important letters; but their diaries only too often are a perfunctory scrap-heap of the husks, the core of which has been previously put into conversation, letters, speeches, acts. All that is left for the diary is a bald and soulless chronicle which may help a researcher to date a document, fix an event, or correct an inference. But if the writer of a diary has the true literary instinct, the finely sensitive eye to the inner significance of things, the human sympathy that instinctively and unconsciously responds to the comedy and tragedy of life, the annalistic scrapbook, however limited in the range of its record, will become a more precious possession than any memoir or autobiography.

Tested by such standards the Spanish Journal of the notable Lady Holland is distinctly disappointing. It belongs organically to the Journal published recently in two volumes, but omitted from it for good reasons by the editor. Those two volumes were a valuable record by a lady who played a conspicuous part in the social and political life of her generation; they were an important and complementary contribution to the Memoirs of the Whig party by her husband, distinguished alike by his birth, his career and his political principles. But the interest of the Spanish Journal, which registers the account of two journeys in Spain, the first in 1802-03, the second in 1808-09, is inferior, though it ought not to be. Lady Holland visited Spain in the years that followed the Peace of Amiens and immediately preceded Trafalgar, and again in the thrilling period of the Spanish Rising, of Roliça, Vimiero and the Convention of Cintra, of Moore's immortal march and Corunna, of Wellington's advance from Lisbon to Oporto. She was, the record shows elsewhere, a clever woman; she knew or could get to know everybody that she wished; she could have doors of palaces and monasteries unlocked that were locked to other women, and she came from the centre of politics in England to the centre of politics in Spain. The Spain of 1802 and 1808 and Lady Holland—could there at first sight be a more fortunate combination? But the result is dull and uninspiring, as dull as the ball-programme of a spoilt beauty when the hearts that beat behind the scrawled initials have ceased to be anything more than a pencilled illegibility, as dull as the Spanish journal of a greater woman's greater brain, George Eliot's, as dull as a page of Baedeker, and as useful. There are a few flashes here and there, a touch now and then which only makes the pages that precede and follow a trifle more flat; but this is assuredly not a book which a man will take down when the winter fire is dying away to sip a few paragraphs with feet on the hob before

turning in. And the reason, however we may account for it, is not far to seek. There is neither the colour of Spain, nor the roll of the distant drum throbbing outside, nor, most important of all, a woman's personality pulsing through the annalistic record. Yet Spain is there on every page, and the drums and trumpets of France and Spain and England meet us at every turn, and it is a woman who writes—so we are told, so we tell ourselves as we read; and we believe it, because we know, not because we feel. The rack alone would convince a reader of George Eliot's diary in Spain, who had no other evidence, that this was a woman who had created Hetty Sorrel, Mrs. Poyser, Maggie Tulliver and Gwendolen Grandcourt. We are convinced that no one who read Lady Holland's Spanish Journal could guess that he is privileged to scan the record of the beautiful woman whom Romney painted as a Virgin of the Sun (reproduced in the frontispiece), who was the Tsarina of the Holland House of history, was the mother who wrote the brief and vividly simple story of her successful concealment of her daughter Harriet by her first husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, and who arranged a sham funeral and triumphantly defeated the English law and the Italian authorities. Lord Ilchester has done well to print these two and a half pages in his preface, and we could wish there were two hundred of the same quality in the Journal proper.

Yet the Journal is most useful and historically valuable. It will go on to the specialist's shelf after it has been pencilled and digested. But the reader who is not a specialist will take it down from time to time, read a bit, turn the pages in idle curiosity, yawn and put it back again. It will appeal to him or her as little as a Calendar of Close Rolls, the Annual Register, or a Field Return of a military staff officer. The historical novelist may wrest from it a few patches of colour; art critics will verify the genealogy of pictures before they go on to the auctioneer's catalogue; the biographer of the Hollands will be supplied with fifty footnotes; the historian of political parties in the first decade of the nineteenth century will find much to confirm, and something to correct, in his piecing together of the views of the Whigs; and, above all, the historian of the Peninsular War will glean many scraps. The impressions of Spain in the first part are worth reading once, but they are not impressive; they might have been made by any industrious tourist who had Lady Holland's resources and opportunities. But if Lady Holland's mind and personality had to be judged by what she has written here, she would not be of the women one would hope to be introduced to in the Elysian Fields. Fortunately for ourselves, we know from other sources better. The second part, which falls in the year 1808, is crammed with references to the events out of which the history of the world was being made; but even with Lord Ilchester's copious explanatory notes it is uninspiring reading. No one without a detailed knowledge of a very complicated situation could derive much benefit from these compressed entries, allusive and often mystifying save to the carefully initiated. Lord Ilchester has done his editorial work with admirable accuracy and thoroughness. His notes must have given him a vast deal of labour, and swallowed far more time than is apparent on the surface. Editing is necessarily a thankless business; but the book as published and annotated will be of no small service to the circle of scholars and students to whom it will appeal, and it is very welcome as a further instalment from the rich treasury of an historic house.

SOME SEA AFFAIRS AND A MORAL.

"The Sovereignty of the Sea." By Thomas Wemyss Fulton. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1911. 25s. net.

WE have only one adverse criticism to make of this work; the popular view would ascribe to the title a wider scope than a history, however exhaustive, of the claims formerly made to the

sovereignty of the "British Seas" and the evolution of what are considered territorial waters. The author avows in his preface that his first intention was to deal only with these subjects so far as they related to sea fisheries, but he very soon found that sea sovereignty embraced wider considerations than fisheries, and it was essential to survey the whole if he was to deal adequately with the part. Still the fisheries remain the keynote of this work by an authority who is lecturer on the scientific study of fishing problems in the University of Aberdeen. The book represents the fruits of much painstaking and original research, and since it is well indexed and deals with the history of claims to the sovereignty of the sea from the time of the Ancient Britons, and with its visible symbols in the striking of the flag as well as the evolution of the idea of territorial waters, students will find it of great assistance, and the Admiralty might well use it in their ships' libraries.

In the beginnings of all nations possessing a seaboard the idea is rightly held that in the harvest of the land from agriculture and the harvest of the sea from fishing are to be found the strength of the nation. A stout peasantry for an army and a bold seafaring class for a navy are required to enable the country to grow greater. This idea probably persists when it has long outlived its usefulness, as for instance in France with reference to the Newfoundland fisheries, the disputes concerning which were only settled so recently as 1905. But in 1660 there was no doubt in regard to the overwhelming importance of the fisheries. As our author tells us, "As firmly as ever the opinion was held that the primary source of this great trade, shipping and wealth lay in their fisheries, which also formed a great nursery of seamen for the navy". It is probably because the author was alarmed by the proportions his book was assuming that he has given us only one brief reference to the impressment of the seafaring population for the Navy and its bearings on the subject. It is in showing how fruitful a cause of diplomacy and war our zeal for the fisheries proved that the chief value of Mr. Fulton's work is to be found.

Allowing that the modern steam otter-trawler is eight times more effective in catching fish than was one of the large sailing smacks of a generation ago, the author calculates that the British deep-sea trawling fleet in 1907 was equal to about 13,700 of the older sailing smacks. The French, German and Dutch steam trawlers, leaving out the foreign sailing trawlers, bring the total up to the equivalent of 18,862 sailing trawlers of twenty or thirty years ago. Naval officers will be interested to hear that it has been calculated that the area of the sea bottom which is swept every day by the nets of this great fleet is equal to about 2000 square miles. No wonder enterprising sailors have found—for an old industry a modern use—in the steam trawler the most efficient antidote to the use of those mines on the high seas by which some nations hope to deprive us of any future sovereignty of the sea.

In his concluding chapter the author brings to light the inadequacy of the three-mile limit for territorial waters. It has been proposed by great authorities in the interests of the fisheries to extend it to six miles. Gun range is now twenty miles, and a battleship could be put out of action at six miles. The three-mile limit is shown by this book to be hopelessly antiquated, and the question of its extension must be settled as soon as the international fishery investigations are sufficiently advanced to place a satisfactory body of evidence before the various Governments of the Great Powers. Our course will then be guided, we hope, not merely by our fishing industry, not merely by our interests as a neutral, but by our interests as the predominant maritime Power of the world, possessing 43,000 miles of its coast-line. This work is of great value in showing how false is the doctrine of modern Radicalism of *laissez-faire* in reference to trade, how narrow is the view which estimates national transactions merely by the profits of traders without considering how this trade bears on the occupations of the people, and how we have become great by

holding fast to the belief that first among all occupations, as ministering to the strength and well-being of Great Britain, must be the pursuit of the sea. It is not merely by building up a navy that the Kaiser is endeavouring to grasp the trident of Neptune, but by encouraging the cult of the sea in all its manifestations, whether for business or for pleasure. This work shows how that policy was pursued by England for centuries, with fits of forgetfulness from which and for which we suffered, from the days when Offa, King of Mercia, at the end of the eighth century built a fleet to prevent Charlemagne from invading and so, as the old Saxon Chronicles say, "bequeathed to England this useful lesson, that he who would be secure on land must be supreme at sea".

A HAPPY WARRIOR.

"The Right Honourable Hugh Oakeley Arnold-Forster."
A Memoir. By his Wife. London: Arnold. 1910.
15s. net.

HUGH OAKELEY ARNOLD-FORSTER was born on 19 August 1855, the son of that brother of a Poet commemorated in two beautiful and haunting poems. On 12 March 1909 he died, having worn himself to death for England's sake. "I do not think", wrote a not uncritical Cabinet colleague, "that any other 'fighter' of our time combined so much conviction for his cause with such deep personal modesty." And Mr. Balfour: "He was a man of a higher temper of courage than I have almost ever known. He had a single eye to the great national and imperial needs which are filling now so much of our thoughts. He cheerfully and gladly faced death for many years, conscious that every great effort he made, by speech or otherwise, might end, as it ultimately did end, in his sudden decease; and yet, with the shadow of death for ever hanging over him, never did I know a man more absolutely absorbed in a great and unselfish desire to carry out his own public duty, and to see that the great imperial interests, of which he was one of the trustees, did not suffer while he had anything to do with our national destinies." With these words for epitaph his nearest and dearest may well have wished to let Arnold-Forster rest. His patriotism was almost a religion. How to organise and co-ordinate the resources of our empire and above all our power to devise a system of defence and offence that shall be suited to our needs—these were the problems on which he spent his powers—the problems on which, as his biographer says, our imperial existence hangs. And, deeming rightly that the studies and labour of his life might be of use to his fellow countrymen—the reward he would most have valued—his wife, with skill and tact and self-effacement, has told his story. Her own best reward may be the knowledge that she has set studies and labour in a fresh and a clearer light for many readers. Arnold-Forster's heart was as tender as it was honest and disinterested. It was not worn on his sleeve. Thinking of him we recall certain words of the dying Cyrano, that sworn enemy of compromise and lies. We were not deceived. But, to be plain, he stood sometimes with some people in his own light and, what he would have regretted more, in that of his cause. "I never hear that young fellow say anything, but I have an immediate desire to get up and contradict him", was a judgment uttered in our hearing many years ago by a judge of consequence. "I hear", he himself wrote to Miss Mary Story-Maskelyne during their engagement, when he had started his invaluable Naval crusade, "I hear that you have been told that I overstated the case about the Navy, and that — said I made it seem improbable because I put it in such an extreme way." — may have had some reason. The letter ends: "If only you will approve—as you say you will—and will help me, I don't mind about anybody else; and I will, moreover, appoint you as my special confidential minister, charged with the duty of toning down all my too ill-tempered effusions. Only—you must leave me my facts!" The "facts" have been

left, and may derive in the graceful setting which that confidential minister has provided an added because more general value. Only about Rhodesia and the Chartered Company did Arnold-Forster make a real " howler "; " he could not perhaps sufficiently see another side of the question to that which he saw so clearly and forcibly ". But over how many other problems, still besetting us, was he strenuously active, and profoundly right, as his training was thorough ! He was thirteen years member for Belfast, and felt himself " sent to speak not only for " his constituents " but as far as possible for the English of the South and West of Ireland who are wholly unrepresented in Parliament ". Stern as well as thorough had been his apprenticeship in Irish politics under his adopted father, W. E. Forster. He had knelt on the roadside by a dying man shot from behind a hedge for paying his rent, and visited among other Land League victims a man taken out of bed in the middle of the night and shot before the eyes of his entreating wife and five helpless children. We commend to speakers—and voters—on Home Rule the Irish portion of this memoir, and to Liberals especially Mr. Forster's experiences as they are retold, Mr. Gladstone's weighty and measured words as they are once more cited. Mr. McCall's recollection of " the conviction with which Russell (Sir Charles) said that no sane statesman could regard Home Rule as a practical policy " will surprise only the very innocent. Have we ourselves not heard within the past few weeks a leading lawyer on the Liberal side privately denounce as " preposterous " the idea of upsetting the Osborne judgment, with which before Radical-cum-Labour audiences he has played ? From Ireland Arnold-Forster turned to the Bar, where he was beginning when he gave up the Bar for a post with Cassell's, the publishers, which enabled him to marry ; but he found time to run a boys' club in Whitechapel where, as an Oxford undergraduate, he had spent part of two Long Vacations. Presently Imperial Federation and the work of that League which " shifted the mind of England ", as was truly said, claimed him. To the value of his work there, and the influence of his popular educational works with which he caused his firm to insinuate the uninstructed potential patriots, Dr. Parkin has borne fervent testimony. Then came the several campaigns for Naval and Army reform, and later, office, first as Secretary to the Admiralty, then as Minister for War. On his policy at the War Office we gave our judgment very fully at the time. He will be remembered for the gallant fight he made rather than for any success he achieved. He took office against the express orders of his physician, having well counted and accepted the cost. But if disappointment and failure followed, they were due not to his being a doomed man, but politically a frustrated one. A committee of three were to sit on the War Office. Lord Kitchener was hoped for, but instead came Sir John Fisher and Sir George Clarke and—Lord Esher. For their recommendations, including the incredible bêtise by which Lord Roberts and the others read their dismissal in the daily papers, Arnold-Forster was not answerable. Better perhaps had he resigned. There is something deeply pathetic in the unfinished letter addressed to Mr. Balfour on Army policy written on the day of his sudden death. He had been busy to the end. In death as in life, in his work, in his home and in public, he was truly the happy warrior.

ALPINE PLANTS AND THEIR CULTIVATION.

"Alpine Flowers and Rock Gardens." Illustrated in Colour, by Walter P. Wright; with Notes on "Alpine Plants at Home" by William Graveson. London : Headley Brothers. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

THE evolution of gardening in this country has been marked by many different phases, some of which persist here and there as survivals to this day. The old formal garden, largely borrowed from Italy or Holland, seems but seldom to fit in with English surroundings. But it is sadly true that many people are unable to shake

off the yoke of the pergola, often perhaps imposed on them by the jobbing gardener. The pergola and similar devices are natural enough in southern lands, but in our northern climate they merely add to the prevalent want of sun. The wild or landscape garden, that most difficult form of horticultural art to practise with success, is especially English, and is a violent protest against the formalism of earlier Victorian days. Out of the wild garden have sprung two fascinating branches of horticulture, the rock- and the water-garden.

In former days a rockery was apt to be a dismal affair. A pile of dirt mixed up with stones, stumps, even with bricks and burrs, the whole heaped up in a dark corner where nothing could exist save plants that will grow in the shade and drip of trees—monstrosities of this kind are still to be seen, but they have nothing in common with the rock-garden of to-day except in the elements of which they, or at least the best of them, are composed. A nearer acquaintance with the glorious flowers of the Alps has effected a complete transformation of our ideas of the " Rockery ".

The rock-garden must be in the open, exposed to all the sunlight and as much of the air as we can give it, for only under such conditions will the majority of the alpine flowers yield their full measure of beauty. True, the arrangement of the stones (burrs and clinkers are not to be thought of, they are altogether abominable) together with the soil should be such that a variety of aspects and means of drainage can be provided, and the whole must be sheltered from the evil effects of drying winds and especially of draughts. The soil in particular must not be neglected, for although many alpines may seem to grow wild in the poorest of earth, they nearly all thrive better under more generous treatment. A few there are that merely fatten on a rich medium, and, refusing to flower, become coarse unlovely things, losing their attractiveness along with their hardiness. It is not difficult to see why this should be ; if one studies a natural rock-garden in the Alps, one finds a rich vegetation in the better soil, but a thin population of plants—often individually exquisite—on the more sterile moraine. He who would grow the rarer kind must provide the requisite conditions, but he must not expect to obtain luxuriant masses of vegetation, however beautiful the sparsely scattered specimens may be in themselves. Flowers like *Eritrichium*, for example, cannot be treated in the same way as *Aubretia*—they are violently intolerant of shade and of even temporarily stagnant water, dying incontinently if the rain so much as lodges in their crowns. They have also a ridiculously large development of roots for the size of the plants ; in their naturally sterile habitat they need all the roots they can muster to provide them with the food and water they require. And even in cultivation they bring with them their habits of isolation, mostly refusing to consort with the common crowd. The true alpine gardener, however, will not be happy without them and will gladly put up with their sulking for the sake of their intrinsic beauty. Indeed, no small part of the fascination of the more delicate rock plants lies in the difficulty of growing them successfully. The secret is not to be bought for money, but by insisting on intimate acquaintance with them in spite of their shyness. Even then success is not always assured, and it is by continual experiment, trying them first in one place, then in another, that one learns what the difficult species really want.

Of course it is not everyone who desires to attempt this, and a splendid colour effect can easily be achieved at a trifling outlay of trouble and expense. The general result will depend mainly on the skill with which the rockwork is built and on the appropriate selection of the plants. Moreover, the alpine gardener, even if he be less ambitious, ought to be able to have flowers all the year round. The deadly dulness of the borders in winter ought to be unknown in the rock-garden. Heaths, irises, cyclamens, and many other things will brighten the short days, while nothing can exceed the riotous splendour of the spring and early summer display.

The cult of the alpines has spread rapidly during the

last few years, and it is rather odd that in these days, when almost every popular flower has its official "society", no association as yet exists for the rock gardeners. Of course the plants are numerous and distinct, but nevertheless they are fairly well marked off as a class. But the native loveliness of the alpine is fragile, and it might easily suffer by horticultural "improvement". It must in fairness, however, be admitted that the hybridist has produced some beautiful novelties—witness the varieties of saxifrages, especially the mossy sorts, that have recently been shown by the Horticultural Society.

But although the amateur still keeps to himself, instructors are not wanting who are ready to take him in hand and show him the way he should go. Books of all sizes and prices, as well as of all grades of excellence or the reverse, continue to pour from the press; and the beginner, by making a wise choice of his guide, can at any rate learn the elements of his craft—what to do and what not to do.

Mr. Wright's book contains excellent advice on the methods of construction, and the cultural hints will be useful to the beginner, whom its author perhaps had especially in his mind. We could have wished, however, for more detailed experience concerning cultivation of the difficult species.

The text seems to have been in part written to serve as a setting for the plates, coloured and plain, which form an attractive and noteworthy feature of the volume, and it would have gained by some compression. There is too much irrelevant matter, and the critical reader will probably feel that the author has strayed into unfamiliar fields when he tries to be scientific.

NOVELS.

"The Siege of the Seven Suitors." By Meredith Nicholson. London: Constable. 1911. 6s.

This is another of those fantastic novels of frank and high-spirited nonsense which come to us from American pens. The masterful old maid Miss Octavia Hollister had such faith in the virtues of the number seven that she ordained that the seventh proposal of marriage to her elder niece Cecilia was the one to be accepted. It therefore became important to Cecilia that the right man, Hartley Wiggins, should be discouraged till his turn came, and hustled when it did. Arnold Ames, his friend, an ex-architect who had modestly specialised as a chimney doctor, was paying a prolonged professional visit to Miss Hollister and Cecilia at Hopefield Manor, the flues of which mansion had begun to smoke in a very mysterious way—not unconnected with the fact that the tomboy younger niece Hezekiah had been rusticated by Miss Octavia until Cecilia should have been disposed of. Mr. Ames, who tells the story, was naturally mistaken for a rival by the other suitors, who were mostly staying in a body at the "Prescott Arms" in the village and called every day; but he and the madcap "ghost", who first approved of him because when she tickled his face with a feather-duster in the dark he "didn't make a noise like a circus calliope scaring horses in Main Street, Podunk"—wherever that is—contrived to bring about a happy ending for Cecilia and Wiggins as well as for themselves. Always provided that the reader is in the mood for farce, the tale is good enough fun, apart from the quaintness of its transatlantic humours; and though set in absurdity the figure of the little Hezekiah is somehow rather charming.

"The Girl from Nowhere." By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1911. 6s.

Mrs. Reynolds succeeds in interesting the reader so much in her characters and in importing such a degree of movement into her story that the thinness of some of the links in it only becomes manifest in cold retrospect when the book is laid down. The tale begins in a Deptford lodging-house. At the very moment when Felix raised the cup of poison to his lips Veronica in the

room above threw herself out of her window with similar intent and fell upon a sort of balcony outside his. She was escaping from a wicked uncle who had sold her to a dreadful music-hall agent, and Felix had been mixed up with a gang of anarchists and was only just out of prison on ticket-of-leave, repentant, but without character, and penniless. Veronica, however, had exactly thirteen pence halfpenny, and moreover the introduction thus effected gave him a new interest in life. So he spirited her away very cleverly in a canal-barge bound for Basingstoke, which, curiously enough, passed en route his ancestral home, Normansgrave, where his pharisaical elder brother Denzil was a country squire and his aunt, Miss Rawson, most conveniently ran a cottage hospital—for Veronica's contact with the balcony had made her very ill. This is only the opening; but we venture to think that neither it nor what follows will strike the reader with the book in his hands in the ungracious way in which it is possible to state the facts some time after the immediate spell of Mrs. Reynolds' romancing has been withdrawn. She contrives to make coincidences look for the nonce like fate. Denzil, the stolid Englishman, afraid of nothing so much as appearing ridiculous, is particularly well drawn. That he should succumb when abroad to the exotic charms of the emotional Nadia Stepanovna on a very short acquaintance is natural, whether the irony of it is intended or not. The adventures of Felix in Russia, when his former dynamitard comrades began to bestir themselves, are sufficiently exciting; and one is gratified, of course, to learn that the real name of the Girl from Nowhere was no less a one than Mauleverer.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Lord Clive's Right-hand Man." By Colonel Lionel Forde. London: Nisbet. 1910. 5s. net.

This is the history of a very remarkable but little-known pioneer of Empire. There can be no doubt that Clive entertained a very high opinion of Colonel Forde's capacity. He selected him for an important post whilst still a comparatively junior officer of the 39th Foot, the first King's regiment which served in India. Three of his victories were important enough to be borne on the colours of a British regiment. He was not treated well by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, who, immediately after the capture of Massilipatam, superseded him in favour of a junior and much less distinguished officer. But Forde was not the first, and is by no means the last, British officer who has been treated with monstrous unfairness by the powers that be.

"Canada and the Empire." By W. R. Lawson. London: Blackwood. 1911. 6s. net.

"Canada To-day." London: Upcott Gill. 1911. 1s. net.

Mr. Lawson has been moved by the negotiations between Canada and the United States to collect his thoughts—some of which have already been published—on Canada and the Imperial problem. He is much exercised, as are all who do not take the *laissez faire* view of present-day movements, by the tendency of Canada to look to the United States rather than Great Britain for commercial opportunities. Commercial opportunities will mean ultimately political exigencies, and Mr. Lawson, after an exhaustive review of the whole problem, asserts that there is only one thing to be done—to abandon party shibboleths and go straight ahead for federation. He would have the Mother Country take the lead, which under the present Government is precisely what the Mother Country is not likely to do. He would have the Coronation year of King George rounded off by a decided advance towards the organisation of the Empire along lines for which the Colonies are ready. If we cannot endorse all he says, we can at least say that his book is a useful and carefully-considered study of some of the problems which will come before the Imperial Conference. "Canada To-day"—the Annual of "Canada"—might well be studied in conjunction with Mr. Lawson's book. It is full to overflowing with hard facts as to "the land of opportunity," as Canada has been called; an admirable shillingsworth.

"Cesare Lombroso." By Hans Kurella. London: Rebman. 1911. 4s. 6d. net.

In this small volume, which is a translation from the German of Dr. Hans Kurella by Dr. M. Eden Paul, there
(Continued on page 400.)

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is to be found much information as to the personality, the theories, and the work of the Italian criminologist. It corrects much misapprehension as to Lombroso's real views of the criminal type, arising as it does out of his earlier work, and not taking into account the later presentations. The survey of Lombroso's investigations and writings is comprehensive; his ideas, theories, and discoveries in criminal anthropology and the psychology of the abnormal classes in civilisation are stated concisely and clearly so far as they admit of clearness, and evidently in many instances they do not. Lombroso comes out plainly enough as bringing a mind of great capacity, and an industry almost monomaniacal, to many most difficult fields of social inquiry, into which he introduced a new idea and perhaps a new method, and certainly new spirit and enthusiasm. But the author and translator are almost exclusively expository, and non-critical and non-judicial in the sense of summing up and stating the ultimate sociological value of Lombroso's vast collections of fact and his inductions. Thus the author declines to treat of the effect of the Italian School of Criminology on European jurisprudence: for example, in the German Criminal Code, or in our own late changes in criminal law, and so it is unexplained how, though Lombroso believed in capital punishment as "estrema selezione", his own country does not employ it, but has a crueler and more barbarous alternative. And we are also left without aid to decide between those two fundamental views whether, according to Lombroso, the ills of society are to be traced to biological causes mainly, or, as the Socialist writers hold, to economic. On Lombroso's principles political changes, through democracy and the "class war," can only be superficial. The limitations of the book are obvious, but within its space it is suggestive and useful.

"*Famous Impostors.*" By Bram Stoker. London: Sidgwick and Jackson. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

Many of Mr. Bram Stoker's characters are very old friends; so old that their stories are quite stale, and can only interest very unsophisticated readers, or those readers who are sufficiently sophisticated to enjoy the humours of the writer's comically inflated style. But one of his sketches is novel enough, and Mr. Stoker deserves credit for the ingenuity he displays in it, though he has a most preposterous theme. He calls it "The Bisley Boy". It is the gem of the collection, and it has had the honour of being treated seriously in a high-class periodical, though we must say very coldly. At Bisley, in Gloucestershire, Mr. Stoker has heard an old tradition that the Princess Elizabeth, who spent her early years at Overcourt House there, in fact died suddenly on the very day when her father, Henry VIII., was expected from London to visit her. Her attendants in terror procured another child, that happened to be a boy; and this boy grew up and became the future Queen Elizabeth. Whether this was or was not the kind of scandal about Queen Elizabeth that Mr. Stoker deprecated, we have Mr. Stoker's authority that it has been believed from time immemorial by Bisley. Several persons there now accept the story, and Mr. Stoker says, "These persons are not of the ordinary class of gossips, but men and women of light and leading, who have fixed places in the great world, and in the social life of their own neighbourhood". The strange thing is that the story has never been heard of outside Bisley until Mr. Stoker published it. Mr. Stoker's point is that there is always something in a tradition. But some fact or other in it must be proved to start with, otherwise the probability of the tradition cannot be urged by showing that it is consistent with admitted historical facts. If Mr. Stoker, for instance, had proved that a stone coffin-like vessel, alleged to have been in front of Overcourt Mansion, was actually opened and found to contain human remains with rags of finery such as would belong to a young girl, he would have put the legend into practical shape for historical argument ab extra. As it is, his copious history is all in the air, as none of the details in any version of the legend are proved. Many may think they put a poser if they ask, Did Queen Elizabeth shave? Mr. Stoker would have an answer. Many men have passed for years as women. It was quite easy for the Chevalier d'Eon, one of Mr. Stoker's well-known characters. The "Bisley Boy" story is just a mystification; but it is well worth reading, very curious and amusing, and far the best thing in the book.

"*An Open Creel.*" By H. Sheringham. London: Methuen. 6s.

Mr. Sheringham's book is an entirely delightful collection of angling sketches and stories. The angling anecdote and the angling joke are usually shocking when put into cold print. Their blunt jocosity makes one feel sad and

oppressed. But Mr. Sheringham is never banal, though his book is full of angling tale and jeu d'esprit. His chapters on "Blagdon", "Days at Driffield", "Waters of Youth" and "Dry Fly Meditations" are particularly good to read, and there are other parts of this companionable book that one takes much pleasure in. Mr. Sheringham writes with vivacity, but he always holds himself in restraint. He has the true sense of style, and therefore he has no affectations or literary airs and graces. Among the few books on angling that count as good literature we must rank "An Open Creel". There are passages in "The Waters of Youth" that bear comparison with the best of angling literature. What memories they arouse in one! Once again in reading one handles the old bamboo rod (with bent hairpins for rings) and hastens down to the meadows of the river Cole to angle for perch with float and worm. This book should be well read. It has the fervour of angling and of youth.

"*Revue des Deux Mondes.*" 15 Mars.

There is an excellent article here by M. Marcel Raymond on the Art of the Counter-Reformation, a subject of great interest which has been perhaps somewhat overshadowed by the claims of the Renaissance. The author cites many examples to show that the proscription of the nude is the distinguishing feature of the epoch, and as Italian artists at the time were almost entirely (Florentines especially) given over to the study of the nude, the Papal patronage was widely transferred to workers of other schools, Milanese, French and Flemish. It may be remembered that Paul IV. wanted to destroy the work of Michael Angelo on the roof of the Sistine Chapel as likely to cause scandal to the faithful. M. Raymond says, and with truth, that this school, or epoch of art, generally known as that of the Counter-Reformation, might be more properly entitled that of the Counter-Renaissance. It is connected in many aspects with the art of the Middle Ages, in that it strives to express the thoughts of the mind rather than the form and movements of the body. The typical monuments of this art are to be found in Santa Maria Maggiore in the tombs of Sixtus V., Paul V., Pius V., and Clement VIII.

For this Week's Books see pages 402 and 404.

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London : SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 NEW-STREET SQUARE.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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IN SEARCH OF EGERTIA. VII. By WALTER LENNARD.
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Revolutionary Ireland and its Settlement. By The Rev. ROBERT H. MURRAY, Litt.D., Lecturer in History at Alexandra College, Dublin. With an introduction by the Rev. J. P. MAHAFFY, D.D., C.V.O., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. 8vo. 10s. net.

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The Bonds will be repayable on 1st January 1930. Principal and interest will be payable in sterling at par of exchange at the Bank of Scotland in London, or in dollars at the Royal Bank of Canada in Montreal, Canada, or at their office in New York, U.S.A.

The Bonds will be payable to bearer, or may be registered as to principal only, and will be in denominations of £1,000 (£205 gs. 7d.), £500 (£102 14s. 10d.), and £100 (£20 7s.), and will have annexed half-yearly coupons payable on the 1st January and the 1st July in each year. The Bonds now offered will have annexed the full half-yearly Coupon payable 1st July, 1912. Interest on the instalments will be payable as stated below.

The Trust Deeds will provide for the redemption of the Bonds by a Sinking Fund of 5 per cent. per annum on all the Bonds issued, commencing in 1914, which it is estimated will redeem the entire issue at maturity. This Sinking Fund will be applied by the Trustees in purchasing Bonds at or under 110 per cent., and accrued interest unless the Company agree to a higher price or in redeeming Bonds at that price. The Company will reserve the right to redeem the Bonds on any interest date at 110 per cent. on six months' notice.

Scrip certificates to bearer will be issued in exchange for Allotment Letters, after payment of the instalment due on allotment, and these scrip certificates will have annexed two coupons for interest at the rate of 5% per annum on the instalments, calculated from the due dates of payment, and payable on the 1st July, 1912, and 1st January, 1912. These scrip certificates, which will carry the right to the bonus of Common Stock above referred to will, when fully paid, be exchangeable for definitive bonds and Certificates for bonds shares of Common Stock of the Company when ready for delivery, of which due notice will be given.

The following are extracts from a letter addressed to Messrs. SPERLING & C. by Mr. G. F. GREENWOOD, President of the Company:-

OBJECTS OF THE COMPANY.—The Mexican Northern Power Company, Limited, was incorporated by Letters Patent of the Dominion of Canada in 1909, for the purpose of acquiring all the issued share capital of the Compañia Agrícola y de Fuerza Eléctrica del Río Conchos Sociedad Anónima, a Company incorporated under the Laws of Mexico, and for the purpose of carrying on the business of an Electric Light, Heat and Power Company.

CONCESSIONS.—The Mexican Company owns valuable perpetual concessions granted by the Federal Government of Mexico, and by the Government of the State of Chihuahua.

For the purpose of this letter, however, it will be assumed that the average price per H.P. will be only \$75.00 and on this basis the earnings are estimated as follows:-

20,000 H.P. @ \$75.00	\$1,500,000
Operating Expenses	200,000
Interest on Bonds	1,300,000
Surplus	500,000
						\$800,000
36,000 H.P. @ \$75.00	\$2,700,000
Operating Expenses	400,000
Interest on Bonds	300,000
Sinking Fund (commencing 1914)	200,000
						1,100,000
						\$1,600,000

It will be seen that the sale of 10,000 H.P. only at \$75 per H.P. would provide for all operating expenses and the interest on the entire \$10,000,000 Bonds.

Assuming that the entire output of 36,000 H.P. is sold, at an average price of \$75 per H.P. only, the following net earnings are estimated:-

36,000 H.P. @ \$75.00	\$2,700,000
Operating Expenses	400,000
Interest on Bonds	300,000
Sinking Fund (commencing 1914)	200,000
						1,100,000
						\$1,600,000

or over 12 per cent. on the \$12,600,000 Common Stock issued.

All the above figures represent Gold and not Mexican currency, and are subject to the formal approval of the Mexican Government to the Tariff being obtained. I consider the figures to be conservative.

COMPLETION OF WORK.—The Mexican Company has a contract with S. Pearson and Son, Successors, S.A. of Mexico, the execution of the contract being guaranteed by S. Pearson and Son, Limited, of London, the well-known firm of contractors, who have already carried out in Mexico several undertakings of a similar character. Under this contract, the Contractors undertake the entire construction from inception to completion of the whole proposition.

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1 April, 1911

NONE OF THIS ISSUE HAS BEEN UNDERWRITTEN.

A Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states amongst other things that the Subscription List opens to-day, Friday the 31st March, 1911, and will close on or before Monday, the 3rd day of April, 1911.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

OBJECTS AND ADVANTAGES.

This Company has been formed for the purpose more particularly of carrying on the business of manufacturers of aeroplanes and devices relating to aerial navigation, accessories and appliances in connection therewith, as also to conduct and carry on a school of aviation, and to arrange, hold, and manage public and other aviation meetings.

The Company has secured the services of Mr. Claude Grahame-White as its Managing Director for the term of ten years, and of Monsieur Louis Blériot as its Technical Adviser for a term of five years, and of Sir Hiram Maxim as Chairman of the Company. The great advantage to the Company of the services of two such eminent experts in aviation as Mr. Grahame-White and M. Blériot, whose success and experience in aviation are probably unequalled, combined with the general constructional experience of Sir Hiram Maxim, will be generally recognised.

PROPERTY.

The Company will take over as a going concern as from the 15th day of December, 1910, the leasehold property known as the London Aerodrome, held by the London Aerodrome, Limited, situated at Hendon, Middlesex, only six and a half miles from the Marble Arch, and easily accessible from all parts of London by train, motor omnibus, and tram. The property consists of some 207 acres of land at present held under leases for 10 years from the 24th day of September, 1910.

Very considerable sums of money have been expended in fencing, levelling, and draining this property, and in the building and construction of 17 Hangars, Electric power plant, light railway, etc., and it is claimed that the property now constitutes the finest Aerodrome in Great Britain, its value and prospects by reason of its proximity to London being set forth in the report thereon by Mr. V. Ker Seymour, the well known expert in aviation and aerodromes, a copy of whose report is given herewith.

MRS. KER SEYMER says: That he considers the large extent of level ground, the well drained and remarkably good starting and alighting surface which exists over the whole area, and the fencing which surrounds the Aerodrome render the property a singularly valuable one—further that all the costly work has already been done, and the ground is ready for aviation meetings to-day, and that from the promoters' point of view this represents a saving of at least £10,000.

THE MANUFACTURE OF FLYING MACHINES.

The Company also acquires from Monsieur Louis Blériot all his valuable British Patents and Inventions relating to aeroplanes, aerial machines, and the like, also his rights for the British Colonies and India, comprised in eight British Letters Patents, therein set out, with all improvements already made or hereafter to be made by him and the right to use all future Inventions made by him relating to aeroplanes for the whole of the British Empire. The extraordinary success achieved by Blériot Monoplanes (upon one of which Mr. Grahame-White won the Gordon-Bennet race) and the remarkable sale which they have enjoyed give to these Patents an exceptional value, covering as they do essential parts of the machine. During the past 12 months Monsieur Blériot has sold from his factories in France upwards of 300 monoplanes, over 50 of which have been delivered in Great Britain and her Colonies.

SCHOOL OF AVIATION.

To enable the Company immediately to commence its School of Aviation and the training of pupils, Mr. Grahame-White and M. Blériot have agreed to sell to it the aeroplanes and accessories owned by them and housed at the London Aerodrome for the sums of £4,600 and £102 respectively. A valuation of these aeroplanes and accessories has been made by Mr. Howard T. Wright, of the firm of Howard T. Wright, Aeroplane Manufacturers, at the sum of £8,640, this being £3,640 in excess of the price at which the Company is acquiring the same.

The Company will also acquire the services as Aviators and Aviation Instructors of Messrs. C. H. Greswell, and J. V. Martin, and the terms upon which the Company obtains the services of Mr. Grahame-White and these Aviators are such that it will participate largely in all prizes and monetary awards, received by them in respect of aviation.

The Directors intend forthwith to erect at the aerodrome factories for the manufacture of aeroplanes and appliances, which shall embody all the recent improvements and the experience of both M. Blériot and Mr. Grahame-White, and under the personal supervision of M. Blériot, who has, in addition, agreed to supply the Company with monoplanes manufactured at his factory in France at 5 per cent. only in excess of their cost price, until the Company's factories are able to produce finished machines.

MILITARY AEROPLANES.

The great interest in aviation and aeroplanes for war purposes now being evinced by the military authorities of most nations, and the fact that Monsieur Blériot has to date executed orders for the French and Russian War Departments for 31 and 14 monoplanes respectively, leads the Directors to believe that, with the advantage of the experience of Sir Hiram Maxim in regard to explosives and military aeroplanes, contracts with the British and Colonial War Departments should be obtained by this Company.

SALES.

As to the manufacturing business, the Company will start under the most favourable conditions, an established market having been already created, as is shown by the sales effected by M. Blériot in this country and the Colonies during the past 14 months, and on this basis the Company should dispose of 100 machines in the first working year at a net profit of £200 per machine. In addition, the profits to be derived from the sale of parts, appliances, and accessories, should easily reach a total of £4,000 for the same period. These estimates of profits are clear of all expenses other than those relating to administration.

LETTING HANGARS TO TENANTS.

In addition to the 17 completely equipped Hangars already erected, of which 6 are now in the occupation of tenants at an average yearly rental of £100 each, the Directors propose immediately to construct a further 13 Hangars, which will give (in addition to those intended to be retained for the Company's use), 24 Hangars available for letting, which number, it is anticipated, will be constantly occupied at the rental named. There is also room to build, not only the 100 Hangars mentioned in Mr. Ker Seymour's Report, but at least another 100 when needed without in any way interfering with the flying area. A large sum should be available from the letting of Hangars. There is no other suitable ground in the north of London, and this Aerodrome should become the London Air Station Terminus.

PUPILS.

At the present time pupils are already being instructed in aviation at the Aerodrome under the supervision of Mr. Grahame-White and Monsieur Blériot, and, as showing the possibilities in this direction, it may be stated that during the past 14 months there have been upwards of 200 pupils instructed at Monsieur Blériot's Aviation school in France.

PUBLIC AVIATION MEETINGS.

A considerable annual income should accrue from the holding of exhibition flights and public aviation meetings at the Aerodrome, and, with a view to accommodating and catering for large concourses of spectators, it is proposed to provide further enclosures, to erect a refreshment pavilion, to lay out lawns, and to complete such further conveniences as may tend to make the Aerodrome a popular resort at all seasons. It has been arranged that the first stop of the 1,000 mile race for the Daily Mail prize of £10,000 will be at the Aerodrome, which should result in a large sum in gate money being received by the Company. The Directors consider that, on a conservative estimate, at least 200,000 visitors should annually pay for admission to the Aerodrome. Mr. Moore-Barabazon, who has also reported on the suitability and prospects of the aerodrome, says that:—

Aviation here will be practicable all the year, and that as a site for an aviation school it is the best in England.

ESTIMATE OF PROFITS.

The estimate of the probable earning capacity of the Company during the first year after the completion of the new factories, without taking into account the revenue which should be received by the Company from the holding and arranging of flying exhibitions and meetings other than those at the Aerodrome, from its proportion of the prize money and remunerations that may be won and earned by its aviators, and from other miscellaneous sources such as reserved enclosures, sale of motor spirit and oils, motor garaging, refreshment catering, advertisements, &c., &c., is as under:

ESTIMATED PROFITS.		
100 Aeroplanes at a net profit of £200 each	...	£20,000
Profits on sale of aeroplane parts, appliances and accessories	...	4,000
Annual gate receipts from 200,000 visitors to the Aerodrome at 1s. per head	...	10,000
60 pupils at a minimum fee of £5 per pupil	...	3,000
Rental from 24 Hangars at £100	...	2,400

ESTIMATED EXPENSES.		
Rents, Rates, Insurance, Directors' Fees, Salaries of Managing Director, Technical Adviser, Manager, Aviators and Instructors, Aerodrome and Clerical Staff, Advertising, Depreciation, Petrol, Spirit, and Contingencies	...	£39,400
Estimated Net Annual Profit	...	£27,400

On the basis of the above figures there would remain, after placing £5,000 to reserve, a sum more than sufficient to pay a dividend of 15 per cent. on the whole of the Share Capital of this issue.

PURCHASE CONSIDERATION.

The various purchase considerations as set out in the Contracts mentioned in the prospectus amount to £97,000, payable as £32,000 in cash and as £65,000 in fully-paid Shares, and after payment of these sums and the preliminary and other expenses, and also the sum of £7,000 proposed to be expended on the erection of factories, and the £5,000 for purchase of aeroplanes, etc., there will remain available for working capital out of the Share capital now offered for subscription the sum of approximately £23,000, which the Directors consider will be sufficient. Nothing is payable for goodwill.

The preliminary expenses are estimated at the sum of £4,000 and are payable as in Contract No. 1.

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors may proceed to allotment is fixed by the Articles of Association at 1,000 shares, but no allotment will be made to the public unless 220,000 shares of the present issue are subscribed.

Under the principal contracts, being:

(i) Dated 24th March, 1911, between Claude Grahame-White, of 1 Albemarle Street, in the County of London, who is the vendor to and promoter of this Company, of the one part, and Richard Thomas Gates, of 20 Copthall Avenue, in the City of London, on behalf of the Company, of the other part. Claude Grahame-White agrees to sell to the Company the benefits of Agreements Nos. 2, 3, 5, 7 and 8, therein mentioned, for the sum of £44,250 payable as to £12,000 in cash and £32,250 to be satisfied by the allotment to the vendor or his nominees of 120,000 fully paid up Shares of 5s. each of the Capital of the Company. Under this Contract, the Vendor agrees to act as Managing Director to the Company for a period of ten years. The Contract also provides for the payment by the Vendor of all the preliminary expenses in connection with this Company up to the first general allotment of shares thereof, including fees payable upon the registration of the Company, the printing and issue of this prospectus, and the legal charges (but not including stamp duties payable upon the contracts for sale to the Company) in consideration of the payment by the Company to the Vendor of £4,000, at which sum the preliminary expenses aforesaid are estimated. The Vendor will retain the difference (if any) between the actual expenses and the said sum, and will bear any excess. Under (ii) Dated the 24th day of December, 1910, between Harold Arthur Arkwright, of 78, Brompton Road, in the County of London, and Kenelm Edgcumbe of Collindale Works, Hendon, in the County of Middlesex, of the first part, and the said Harold Arthur Arkwright, Kenelm Edgcumbe, and Lawrence Ardern of Bonis House, Prestbury, in the County of Cheshire, of the second part the London Aerodrome, Limited, of 25 Basil Street, in the County of London, of the third part, and the Vendor of the fourth part, the Vendor was granted an option to acquire the assets of the London Aerodrome, Limited, referred to in this prospectus, for the sum of £8,500 payable to the London Aerodrome, Limited, to be satisfied as to £8,000 in cash, and £500 by the allotment of fully paid up Shares of this Company, and which option has been exercised under (iii). Dated the 16th day of March, 1911, between Louis Blériot, of 23 Belfast Chambers, Regent Street, S.W., in the County of London, of the one part, and the Vendor of the other part, whereby the Vendor is granted the option to acquire the patents and rights referred to in this prospectus for the sum of £44,250 payable to the said Louis Blériot as to £12,000 in cash and £32,250 to be satisfied by the allotment to him or his nominees of 120,000 fully paid up Ordinary Shares of 5s. each, of the Capital of this Company. Under this contract the said Louis Blériot is entitled to act as Technical Adviser to the Company for a period of five years.

The other contracts are set out in the Prospectus.

Mr. Claude Grahame-White and Mons. Blériot, two of the Directors, are interested in the purchase consideration as Vendors under the above Agreements, 1 and 3, and will receive the sums mentioned in Contracts 10 and 11 for their respective stocks of aeroplanes.

DIRECTORS' QUALIFICATION AND REMUNERATION.

The provisions of the Articles of Association in regard to the qualification and remuneration of the Directors are set out in the Prospectus.

GENERAL.

Full Prospectuses, upon the terms of which alone applications for shares will be received, and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Auditors, and at the Offices of the Company.

Application will be made for a Stock Exchange settlement in due course.

Dated, London, 30th March, 1911.

VICKERS, SONS & MAXIM, LTD.

GREATLY IMPROVED PROSPECTS—THE TITLE CHANGED.

The Forty-fourth Annual Meeting of the shareholders of Vickers, Sons and Maxim Limited was held on March 28 at the River Don Works, Sheffield. Mr. Albert Vickers presided, and the other directors present were Mr. Douglas Vickers, Lieut. Sir A. Trevor Dawson, Sir Vincent Caillard, Messrs. William Beardmore, V. C. Vickers, F. H. Barker, and J. M'Kechnie.

The Chairman proposed the adoption of the annual report. He said he had very few words to say. The directors told the shareholders before that the prospects of the company were greatly improving, and he thought they might congratulate themselves that that improvement had taken place. He trusted that next year they would see a still further improvement. He then proposed: "That the report of the directors and the balance-sheet to 31 December 1910 be received and approved, and that, in accordance with the recommendation of the directors, the following further dividends for the year ended 31 December 1910, declared by the directors, be, and are hereby sanctioned—namely, a dividend of £2 10s. per cent., less income-tax, on the preferred five per cent. stock, a dividend of £2 10s. per cent., less income-tax, on the five per cent. preference shares, and a dividend of 1s. per share, free of income-tax, on the ordinary shares—and that the dividends be posted to members to-day."

Mr. Jenkinson (Sheffield): Have you any objection to letting us know if Beardmore's transactions regarding Vickers, Sons and Maxim have been satisfactory during the year?

The Chairman: I have very great pleasure in saying that the Beardmore Company has, after several years of bad trade and a little trouble, turned the corner, and did exceedingly well last year. The whole of the adverse balance of £72,000 has been wiped out, the proper writings-off and depreciation have been done, and they are paying four years back dividend on the preference shares and carrying £12,000 to the credit of the account for next year.

Mr. Douglas Vickers seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman then moved the re-election of Mr. William Beardmore and Mr. Vincent C. Vickers as directors.

This was seconded by Mr. Douglas Vickers and carried unanimously.

Mr. H. Unwin proposed that Messrs. Alfred Tongue and Co., of Manchester, and Messrs. W. B. Peat and Co., of London, be appointed joint auditors for the company for the year 1911 at a total remuneration of £950. He said these firms had served the company well in the past, and he was sure they would do so in the future.

Mr. C. Middleton seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

The ordinary meeting was followed by an extraordinary general meeting, for the purpose of altering the name of the company.

The Chairman proposed: "That the present name of the company, 'Vickers, Sons and Maxim Limited', be discontinued, and that in lieu thereof the name 'Vickers Limited' be adopted". He said the proposed name was shorter. The company was known as the Vickers Company, and they thought it would be a good thing to change the name.

Mr. Douglas Vickers seconded.

Mr. Philip Legard (Wakefield) asked what was the object of changing the name?

The Chairman: It is generally thought better by the directors. We have no particular reason, except that it is a shorter name.

Mr. Legard: I believe it is generally accepted in commercial circles, but, though that may be the directors' opinion, I would ask them if they have considered carefully the attitude of the smaller shareholders in the provinces. To a great extent, so far as I have had any experience, Sir Hiram Maxim has been regarded by the smaller investors as the inventive genius of the concern. What I fear is that the alteration of the title, following the notices in the papers as to Sir Hiram Maxim's withdrawal, will frighten some of the smaller shareholders, and cause a depression in price, by rather shattering their confidence, and throwing the shares on the market.

The Chairman: The directors have no other reason than that they think it desirable that the name should be changed. As I said before, the company has been known throughout the world as the Vickers Company, and we think that the title of "Vickers Limited" is much better for the company in every way. We do not think the smaller shareholders will be affected in any way or shape by the change.

The resolution was then put and carried unanimously.

CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA.

Head Office—38 Bishopsgate, London.

(Incorporated by Royal Charter.)

PAID-UP CAPITAL, in 60,000 shares of £20 each £1,200,000

RESERVE FUND £1,625,000

COURT OF DIRECTORS.—Sir Montagu Cornish Turner, Chairman; Sir Henry Cunningham, K.C.I.E.; Thomas Cuthbertson, Esq.; Sir Alfred Dent, K.C.M.G.; William Henry Neville Goschen, Esq.; The Rt. Hon. Lord George Hamilton, G.C.S.I.; William Foot Mitchell, Esq.; Lewis Alexander Wallace, Esq.

MANAGERS.—T. H. Whitehead; T. Fraser. SUB-MANAGER.—W. E. PRESTON. AUDITORS.—Magnus Mowat, Esq.; William Adolphus Browne, Esq., F.C.A. BANKERS.—The Bank of England; The London City and Midland Bank, Limited; The National Bank of Scotland, Limited.

AGENCIES AND BRANCHES.—Amritsar, Bangkok, Batavia, Bombay, Calcutta, Cebu, Colombo, Foochow, Hamburg, Hankow, Ipoh, Karachi, Klang, Kobe, Kuala Lumpur, Madras, Manila, Medan, New York, Penang, Rangoon, Saigon, Seremban, Shanghai, Singapore, Sourabaya, Thaiping, Teipin, Yokohama.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

(Presented at the Fifty-seventh Ordinary General Meeting, March 29th, 1911.)

The Directors have now to submit to the Shareholders the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the Bank for the year ended December 31st last.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31st December, 1910.

	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.
To Capital, 60,000 Shares of £20 each, paid up	1,200,000	0 0
Reserve Fund	1,625,000	0 0
Notes in Circulation	647,993	7 7
Current and other Accounts, including Provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts and Contingencies	8,578,781	9 2
Fixed Deposits	7,046,507	8 10
Bills Payable:		
Drafts on demand and at short sight on Head Office and Branches	1,422,834	15 9
Drafts on London and Foreign Bankers against Security, per Contra	382,979	11 4
	1,805,814	7 1
Acceptances on Account of Customers	955,774	13 0
Loans Payable, against Security, per Contra	547,750	0 0
Due to Agents and Correspondents	6,786	10 3
Sundry Liabilities, including Rebates and Exchange Adjustments	334,704	9 4
Profit and Loss	276,363	13 6
	<u>£23,000,475</u>	<u>18 9</u>

Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £4,561,810 10s. 5d., of which, up to this date, £3,287,409 2s. 8d. has run off.

Outstanding Forward Exchange Contracts for Purchase and Sale of Bills and Telegraphic Transfers, £8,230,660 9s. ad.

	ASSETS.	£ s. d.
By Cash in hand and at Bankers	2,569,160	17 8
Bullion	1,119,718	18 4
Government and other Securities	2,009,239	7
Security lodged Against Note Issues and Government Deposits	364,000	0 3
Bills of Exchange	7,148,577	7 9
Bills Discounted and Loans	7,928,000	18 1
Liability of Customers for Acceptances, per Contra	955,774	13 0
Due by Agents and Correspondents	153,193	11 2
Sundry Assets	100,139	13 3
Bank Premises and Furniture at the Head Office and Branches	568,667	12 3
	<u>£23,000,475</u>	<u>18 9</u>

These show a net profit, after providing for bad and doubtful debts, of £375,363 13s. 6d., inclusive of £124,168 6s. 4d. brought forward from the previous year. The interim dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum paid in October last absorbed £58,000, and a further sum of £51,000 has been appropriated to pay a bonus to the staff. The amount now available is therefore £268,363 13s. 6d., and the Directors propose to pay a final dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, making 14 per cent. for the whole year: to add £25,000 to the Reserve Fund, which will then stand at £1,625,000; to add £10,000 to the Officers' Superannuation Fund; to write off Premises Account £53,000, and to carry forward the balance of £126,363 13s. 6d.

Mr. William Foot Mitchell, of Messrs. Samuel Samuel & Co., Ltd., has been elected a Director, and the Shareholders are now invited to confirm his election.

Sir Montagu Cornish Turner and Mr. Lewis Alexander Wallace, the Directors who now retire by rotation, present themselves for re-election.

The Auditors, Mr. Magnus Mowat and Mr. William Adolphus Browne, F.C.A., again tender their services.

The dividend, free of income tax, will be payable on and after Wednesday, the 5th April.

By Order of the Board,

WM. HOGGAN, Secretary.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ended 31st Dec. 1910.

	£ s. d.
To Interim Dividend at 30th June, 1910	78,000
Bonus to Staff	21,000
Balance dealt with as follows:	
Dividend, at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, for the half-year to date	90,000
Reserve Fund	25,000
Officers' Superannuation Fund	10,000
Bank Premises	25,000
Carried forward to Profit and Loss New Account	126,363 13 6
	276,363 13 6
	<u>£375,363 13 6</u>
By Balance at 31st December, 1909	239,168 6 4
Less Dividend for half-year to 31st December, 1909	90,000
Reserve Fund	25,000
Gross Profits for the year, full provision having been made for bad and doubtful debts	339,027 9 7
Less Expenses of Management and General Charges at Head Office and Branches	287,832 8 5
	251,195 7 3
	<u>£375,363 13 6</u>

T. H. WHITEHEAD, } Managers. T. CUTHERBERTSON, } Directors.
T. FRASER, } W. F. MITCHELL, }
CHAS. R. HYDE, } Accountants. L. A. WALLACE,
S. JONES. London, 8th March, 1911.

Examined and found correct, according to the Books, Vouchers and Securities at the Head Office, and to the Certified Returns made from the several Branches.

M. MOWAT, } Auditors.
W. A. BROWNE, }

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